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MY OWN FIRESIDE.

BY E. T. W.

Let others seek away from home
  Unwelcome thoughts to hide;
I care not where they please to roam
  Throughout the world so wide;
But I, for my part, love sweet home,
Around my own fireside.

None know what genuine pleasure is,
  Though many sorts they've tried,
Till they can say, "Our joy is this,
  Our home's our chiefest pride."
Till then they cannot tell what bliss
  Dwells in that word—fireside.

Should ever joys perchance abate,
  Or sadness e'er betide,
How cheering then to hear the prate
  Of children by our side!
Then may we never underrate
  The happy home fireside.

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

FORTUNE favored Hyacinth. No one saw her hurrying back through the woods and the pleasure-grounds. She waited until the back gates were all unfastened, and the maid whose office it was to feed the bantams Lady Vaughan was so proud of came out. She spoke to her, and the maid thought Miss Vaughan had come, as she had often done before, to watch the feeding of the poultry. She wondered a little that the young lady was dressed in a gray traveling cloak and wore a thick veil.

"Just for all the world," said the maid to herself, "as though she were going on a long journey."

She was struck, too, by the sound of Miss Vaughan's voice; it was so weak, so exhausted; it had none of its usual clear tones.

"Mary," said Hyacinth, at last, "do you think you could get me a cup of tea from the kitchen? Breakfast will not be ready for some time yet."

The good-natured maid hastened down into the kitchen and soon returned with a cup of hot strong tea. Hyacinth drank it eagerly; her lips were parched and dry. The tea revived her wonderfully. Suddenly Mary exclaimed—

"Oh, Miss Vaughan, where have you been? Your cloak is covered with dust."

"Hush, Mary!" she said, with a forced smile. "Do not tell tales of me." And then she hastened into the house. She met no one; her little room was just as she had left it. No one had entered; nothing was disturbed. She locked the door and fell on her knees. Rarely has maiden prayed as Hyacinth Vaughan prayed then. How she thanked Providence—how her heart, full of gratitude, was raised to Heaven! How she promised that for all the remainder of her life she would be resigned and submissive!

How safe and secure was this haven of home after all! She shuddered as she thought of that summer night passed in the confusion of railway traveling; of the woman whose pitiful story rang in her ears.

"Thank Heaven I have escaped!" she cried. "With all my heart I offer thanks!"

Then she changed her dress, and she did her best to remove all traces of fatigue; and when the breakfast bell rang she went downstairs with a prayer on her lips—she was so thankful, so grateful for her escape.

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Claude Lennox did not fare so well; he had been missed, and the Colonel was very angry about it.

"You have been dining with the officers again, I suppose," he said, "and have spent the night over cards and wine. It is bad, sir—bad. I do not like it. It is well Mrs. Lennox does not know."

He made no excuses; he said nothing to defend himself; all the servants in the house knew there was a dispute between the Colonel their master and Mr. Lennox.

"If my conduct does not please you, uncle," said the young man, "I can go, you know."

This threat mollified the Colonel, who had no great wish to quarrel with his handsome young nephew.

"I have no wish to be harsh," he said; "but a whole night at cards is too much."

"I am sorry I have not pleased you," rejoined Claude. "I shall go back to London on Saturday; my engagements will not permit me to remain here after then."

He was angry and annoyed; he had been baffled, irritated, placed in a false and most absurd position; he did not care to remain at Oakton. He could never endure to look at Hyacinth Vaughan's face again. But he did not know what terrible events were to happen before Saturday. The future, with its horrible shame and disgrace, was hidden from him.

* * * * * *

"What has come over the child?" thought Lady Vaughan to herself. "She is so submissive, so quiet, so obedient, I hardly know her."

For, though Lady Vaughan exercised Hyacinth's patience very severely the whole of that day in the packing up, no murmur escaped her lips; she was very quiet and subdued, and made no complaint even when she heard that they were to travel in a closed carriage; no impetuous bursts of song came from her lips, no half-murmured replies to Lady Vaughan's homilies. That lady thought, with great complacency, how very efficacious her few words must have been.

"It is the prospect of being married, I suppose, that has made her so good," she said to herself.

She little knew that the girl's heart was weighed down with gratitude to Heaven for an escape that she deemed almost miraculous. She little thought how suddenly the quiet old home had become a sure refuge and harbor to her—how for the first time in her life Hyacinth clung to it with love and fondness.

She was busy at work all day, for they were to start early on the next morning. She executed all Lady Vaughan's commissions—she did all her errands—she helped in every possible way, thinking all the time how fortunate she was—that the past two months were like a horrible dream from which she had only just awoke. How could she have been so blinded, so foolish, so mad? Ah, thank Heaven, she had awoke in time!

She was not afraid of discovery, though she knew perfectly well that, if ever Lady Vaughan should know what she had done, she would never speak to her again—she would not allow her to remain at Queen's Chase. But there was no fear of her ever learning what she had done; thanks to Claude's care, no one had recognized her—her secret was quite safe. But the consciousness that she had such a secret humiliated her as nothing else could have done. Her grandmother might well wonder what brought that expression of grateful contentment to her face.

Then Lady Vaughan bade her go to rest early, for she must be up by sunrise. She went, tears of gratitude filling her eyes. She was at home, and so safe!

She thought very kindly of Claude. She was very sorry for his discomfiture, and for the pain he suffered; but a sudden sense of womanly dignity had come over her.

"He should not have persuaded me," she said to herself over and over again.

"He knows the world better than I do; he is older than I am. He should have been the one to teach me, and not to lead me astray."

Still she felt kindly towards him, and she knew that, as time went on, and the gloom of home enclosed her again, she should miss him. She was too grateful for her escape, however, too remorseful for what she had done, to feel any great grief at losing him now.

On the Thursday morning, when great events of which she knew nothing were passing around her, Hyacinth rose early, and the bustle of preparation began. They did not go to the Oakton station.

Sir Arthur had his own particular way of doing everything, and he chose to post to London. He did not quite approve of railway traveling—it was too levelling—all classes were mixed too much for his taste. So they drove in the grand old family carriage to London, whence they traveled in state to Dover, and from Dover to Ostend, and thence to Bergheim.

As far as it was possible to make traveling dull, this journey was rendered dull. Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan seemed to have only one dread, and that was of seeing and being seen. The blinds of the carriage windows were all drawn.

"They had not come abroad for scenery, but for change of air," her ladyship observed several times each day. When it was necessary to stay at an hotel, they had a separate suite of rooms. There was not table-d'hote, no mixing with other travelers; they were completely exclusive.

At any other time this would have irritated Hyacinth into open rebellion, and there would have been a war of words between the girl and her ancient guardian. But now she was too full of gratitude for her escape to rebel against anything. Her patience and submission delighted Lady Vaughan.

"I am sure Adrian Darcy will be pleased with her," she said to herself. "I had no idea that she would develop into so charming a woman."

Lady Vaughan took great credit to herself for her able management of what she could not deny was a difficult character. How little she knew of the terrible fiasco in which that management had ended! Once or twice she mentioned Adrian's name, but it did not seem to produce any effect on Hyacinth. The girl's whole soul was filled with gratitude for her escape.

"To-morrow we shall see Mr. Darcy," said Lady Vaughan, as they drew near to their journey's end; and then Hyacinth began to think more seriously of her coming ordeal.

"I shall not disquiet myself," she said; "I shall never run away from my troubles again. I shall tell him quite honestly if I do not like him, and, if he is a gentleman, such as Lady Vaughan says, that will be quite sufficient."

She felt quite at ease, and only wondered that she had ever been so foolish as to be frightened.

"No man will ever marry me against my will," she said. "Why have I been so foolish?"

As they drew near Bergheim, her beautiful face grew calm and serene. She even wondered what he would be like, this Adrian Darcy. He was a scholar and a gentleman—but what else? Would he despise her as a child, or admire her as a woman? Would he fall in love with her, or would he remain profoundly indifferent to her charms? She was startled from her reverie by Lady Vaughan's voice.

"We will drive straight to the hotel," she said; "Mr. Darcy has taken rooms for us there."

"Shall we see him to-night?" asked Sir Arthur.

"No, I should imagine not. Adrian is always considerate. He will know we are tired, and consequently not in the best of moods for visitors," she replied. "He will be with us to-morrow morning."

And, strange to say, Hyacinth Vaughan, who had once put from her even the thought of Adrian Darcy, felt some slight disappointment that she was not to see him until the morrow.

CHAPTER IX.

"This is something like life," thought Hyacinth Vaughan, as the summer sun came streaming into her room.

It was yet early in the morning, but there was a sound of music from the gardens. She drew aside the blinds, and saw a lake in all its beauty, the most cheerful, the brightest scene upon which she had ever gazed.

The Hotel du Roi is by far the most aristocratic resort in Bergheim. "Kings, queens, and emperors" have lodged there; some of the leading men and the fairest women in Europe have at times made their home there. The hotel has a certain aristocratic character of its own. Second-rate people never go there; its magnificence is of too quiet and dignified a kind. The gorgeous suites of rooms are always inhabited by some of the leading Continental families. Bergheim itself is a sleepy little town. The lake is very beautiful; tall mountains slope down to the edge; the water is deep, clear, and calm; green trees fringe the banks; water-lilies sleep on its tranquil breast. The lake of Bergheim has figured in poetry, in song, and in pictures.

Hyacinth gazed at it with keen delight. Suddenly it struck her that the house was not Lady Vaughan's, consequently not under her ladyship's control, and that she could go out into those fairylike-looking grounds if she wished.

She took her hat and a black lace shawl, and went downstairs. She was soon reassured. She was doing nothing unusual. One or two ladies were already in the gardens, and in one of the broad, open paths she saw an English nursemaid with some little children around her.

Hyacinth walked on with a light, joyous heart. She never remembered to have seen the world so fair; she had never seen sunshine so bright, or flowers so fair; nor had she ever heard such musical songs from the birds.

Over the girl's whole soul, as she stood, there came a rapturous sense of security and gratitude. She was safe; the folly, amounting almost to sin, of her girlhood was already fading into the obscurity of a dark, a miserable dream. She was safe under Heaven's blessed sunlight, life growing fairer and more beautiful every hour. She was grateful for her escape.

Then it struck her that she heard the sound of falling water, and she went down a long vine covered path—surely the loveliest picture in the world. The vines had been trained so as to form a perfect arch; the grapes hung in rich ripe bunches; flowers grew underfoot; and at the end of the grove was a high white rock from which water fell with a rippling, rushing, musical sound into a small clear pool.

Hyacinth looked at the scene in wonder. She had never seen anything so pretty in her life. She went up to the water; it was

cool, so clear, so fresh, and sparkling. She threw off her hat and plunged her hands into it. She laughed aloud as the water ran foaming over them. She little dreamed what a lovely picture she herself made standing under the shade of the vines, her fair, brilliant face almost dazzling in the dim light, her hair shining like gold. The morning breeze had brought the most dainty and exquisite bloom to her face, her eyes were bright as stars, her lips like newly-blown roses, and, as she stood with the foam rushing over her little white hands, the world might have been searched in vain for one more lovely.

Then she thought how refreshing a draught of that cool, sparkling water would be. She gathered a large vine leaf and filled it. She had just raised it to her lips, when a rich, deep musical voice said—

"Do not drink that water; it is not considered good."

The vine-leaf fell from her hands, her face flushed crimson. She had thought that she was quite alone. She looked around but could not see no one.

"I beg pardon if I have alarmed you," said the same voice, "but the water of the fall is not considered good; it is supposed to come from the lake."

Then she looked in the direction whence the voice proceeded—a gentleman was reclining on a rock by the waterfall. He had been reading, for an open book lay by his side; but Hyacinth strongly suspected, from the quiet smile on his lips and in his luminous eyes, that he had been watching her.

"I am afraid I startled you," he continued; "but the water is not so clear as it looks."

"Thank you," she returned, gently.

He took up his book again, and she turned to leave the grove. But in those few moments the world had all changed for her. She walked out of the vine-grove and sat down the edge of the lake, trying to live every second of those few minutes over again.

What was that face like? Dark, beautiful, noble—the face of a king, with royal brows and firm, grave, yet sweet lips—a face that in her girlish dreams she would have given to the heroes she loved—to King Arthur—to the Chevalier Bayard—to Richard the Lion Heart—the face of a man born to command, born to rule.

She had looked at it for perhaps only two minutes, but she could have sketched it accurately from memory. The dark hair was thrown back in waves—not in effeminate curls, but in the same waving lines that may be seen on the heads of famous Grecian statues; the forehead was white, broad, well-developed, rounded at the temples, full of ideality, of genius, of poetry, of thought; the brows were dark, and straight as those of a Greek god; the eyes, luminous and bright—she could not tell what they were like—they had dazzled her. The dark moustache did not hide a beautiful mouth that had nothing effeminate in it.

It was a face that filled her mind with thoughts of beauty. She mused over it. There was nobility, power, genius, loyalty, truth, in every feature. The voice had filled her ears with music.

"I wish," she thought, "he had given me some other command; I should like to obey him. I would do anything he told me; he has the face and the voice of a king.

"I have read of god-like men; now I have seen one. Shall I ever see him again? I can imagine that face flashing with indignation, eloquent with pleading, royal in command, softened in tenderness, eloquent in speech."

Her reverie was interrupted by the sound of a bell.

"That must be for breakfast," she thought, and she hurried back to the house. She did not see the stranger follow her, with a smile still on his face.

Lady Vaughan was unusually gracious.

"You have been out in the garden, my dear," she said to the young girl, who evidently expected a reproof. "That is right. You are looking very well this morning."

She spoke coldly; but in her heart she marvelled at the girl's wonderful beauty. She had seen nothing so fair, so dainty, so brilliant, as the bloom that overspread her lovely face.

"I have had a note from Mr. Darcy," continued her ladyship, "and he will be with us before noon."

During breakfast Lady Vaughan was more gracious than Hyacinth ever remembered to have seen her. When it was over, she said to the girl—

"I should like you to look your best, Cynthy, when Mr. Darcy comes. Make a fresh toilette, and then amuse yourself as you like until I send for you."

Over the glowing dream of the morning the name of Adrian Darcy seemed to fall like breath of a cold east wind over flowers. She had for the time almost forgotten him; and at the sound of his name a whole host of disagreeable memories arose.

"Never mind," she said to herself; "they cannot force me to marry him against my will. I can tell him I do not like him."

She went away, with smiles on her lips and music in her heart, to change her dress, as Lady Vaughan had desired. A surprise awaited her in her room. Pincott, Lady Vaughan's maid, was standing before a large trunk.

"These are dresses, Miss Vaughan," she said, "that my lady has ordered from Paris for you. She did not tell you, because she wished to keep it as a surprise for you.

The girl's face flushed crimson.

"For me!" she cried. "How kind of her! Oh; Pincott, how beautiful they are!"

The maid unfolded the glistening treasures of silk, lace, and velvet, displaying them to Hyacinth's enraptured eyes.

"My lady ordered me to attend to your toilette this morning, Miss Vaughan," continued Pincott, who knew perfectly well why her mistress desired the young girl to look her best. "I have brought these blush roses; no ornaments look so well as natural flowers."

From the collection of dresses one of embroidered Indian muslin was selected. It was daintily trimmed with pale pink ribbons and white lace, and was exquisitely made.

The girlish, graceful figure, with its beautiful curves and symmetrical lines, was shown to perfection; the sleeves fell back, showing a fair, rounded arm. Pincott had great natural taste; she dressed the fair hair after some simple girlish fashion, and fastened a blush rose in it; she fastened another in the high bodice of the white dress.

"You look lovely, Miss Vaughan," she said; and Hyacinth, looking at her flower-like face, blushed for her own great beauty.

Then Pincott left her, and the way in which she amused herself was by sitting at the open window, dreaming of the face she had seen at the waterfall. She was roused by the maid's return.

"Lady Vaughan will be glad to see you in her room, Miss Vaughan. Mr. Darcy is there."

Again the name fell like cold water over her, chilling her bright dreams, her growing content and happiness; and again she consoled herself by remembering that no one could force her to marry Mr. Darcy against her will. She heard the sound of voices as she drew near the room; she opened the door and entered, her beautiful face calm and serene, looking as fair a picture of youth and loveliness as ever greeted human eyes.

"Hyacinth," said Lady Vaughan, "come here, my dear. I want to introduce you to Mr. Darcy."

She went up to her. A tall figure stood near Lady Vaughan's chair. Lady Vaughan took her hand.

"This is my grand-daughter. Hyacinth—Mr. Darcy."

Hyacinth raised her eyes. Was she blinded by a great golden sunbeam? Was she dreaming? Was she haunted or bewitched? Adrian Darcy, whom she had dreaded to see, whose name even she had detested, was the same gentleman that she had seen by the waterfall.

When she remembered all that she had been thinking and dreaming, it was no wonder that the beautiful face grew crimson as a damask rose, and that the bright eyes fell until he could see nothing of them. She was spell-bound—this unknown hero of whom she had dreamed the whole summer morning was Adrian Darcy!

He held out his hand to her.

"We are old friends," he said, frankly. "I saw this young lady about to drink some clear, cold, sparkling poison this morning, and I interfered to prevent her doing so."

Then he was obliged to explain to Lady Vaughan, who smiled most graciously; but Hyacinth said never a word. She could not realize the truth yet; she sat like one blinded by a great flood of sunlight. If she had known how this sweet shy confusion became her—how beautiful it was—how Adrian Darcy admired it! Nothing could have charmed him half so much.

"How beautiful she is!" he thought. "She is like a rosebud shrouded in green leaves."

Hyacinth was almost in despair.

"How stupid he will think me!" she reflected. "But I cannot help it—I cannot speak."

When she had collected her senses sufficiently to listen, Adrian was saying—

"Yes; we have very good music here, indeed. I think the hotel gardens on a bright summer day the most charming place I know. The fountains are very beautiful; and the band is one of the best I have heard. Lady Vaughan, I hear the music beginning now; will you allow me to escort you? There are very comfortable seats in the gardens."

He saw the sudden, startled flush of joy in the young face. Hyacinth raised her head, and looked eagerly at her grandmamma; but Lady Vaughan excused herself.

"The journey has been delightful," she said, "but fatiguing. To-morrow I will go out, but not to-day. Hyacinth will go, though, Adrian, if you will be so kind as to give the child the pleasure."

The "child" rose, her cheeks aflame, her heart beating as it had never beat before. To go out into those sunlit gardens and to listen to music with him—well, she had not even guessed before what a beautiful, happy world it was. She put on the prettiest of her hats—one with a white plume—and a lace mantilla, and then stood, half smiling, but wholly happy, waiting for him. He came up to her, smiling.

"Hyacinth," he said, "we are—to use an old-fashioned term—of the same kin; so I am not going to call you Miss Vaughan. And I want you not to look so shy, but to feel quite at home with me."

At home with him, this hero, this king amongst men, whose presence filled her whole soul with light! It could never be.

"I had no idea," he continued, "that I had such a fair young kinswoman. Lady Vaughan has always written as though you were a child."

Her heart sank. Was this how he thought of her—was this what made him so kind and gracious to her?

"I am not a child," she said, with some little attempt at dignity—"I am more than eighteen."

"Quite a philosophic age," was the smiling reply. "Now, Hyacinth, tell me, what do you like to look at best—flowers, trees, or water?"

"I like all three," she said, truthfully.

"Do you? Then I will find you a seat where you can see all. Here is one, not too near the music."

He had found a quaint, pretty garden seat, under the shade of a tall, spreading tree. In front of them were beds of lilies and roses, and the blue waters of the lake. The band began to play the sad, passionate music of Verdi's "Miserere;" and to Hyacinth Vaughan it seemed as though earth had changed into heaven.

"Do you like music?" he said, watching the changes on the beautiful young face.

"Yes," she replied; "but I have heard so little."

"You have had a very quiet life at Queen's Chase, I should imagine," he said.

"Yes, as quiet as life could well be."

"You should not regret it. I am quite of the old regime. I think young girls should be so reared."

"For what reason?" she asked.

"For a hundred reasons. If there is one character I detest more than another, it is that of a worldly woman. Delicacy, purity, refinement, are all so essential—and no girl can possess them brought up in the glare and glitter of the world. You have been singularly fortunate in living at Queen's Chase."

"Thank Heaven," she thought to herself, "that he does not know the shameful escape I tried to make—that he does not know how I loathed and hated the place."

"But," she said, aloud, "it is not pleasant to be always dull."

"Dull! No. Youth is the very time for enjoyment; everything rejoices in youth. You, for instance, have been happy with your books and flowers at Queen's Chase; the world now is all new to you. You are not what fashionable jargon calls 'used up.' You have not been playing at being a woman while you were yet a child; your heart has not been hardened by flirtations; your soul has not been soiled by contact with worldlings; you are fresh and pure and beautiful as the flowers themselves. If you had been living all these years in the hot-bed of society, this would not have been the case. There is nothing so detestable, so unnatural, as a worldly young girl."

He liked her as she was! For the first time in her life Hyacinth blessed Lady Vaughan and Queen's Chase.

"I do not want to tire you with argument," he continued, "but tell me, Hyacinth, what becomes of a flower the growth of which has been forced?"

"It soon dies," she replied.

"Yes; and girls brought up in the artificial atmosphere of modern society, and its worship of Mammon, its false estimates, its love of sensation and excitement, soon die to all that is fairest and best in life. You," he continued, "enjoy—see, your face tells tales, Hyacinth—you enjoy the sunshine, the flowers, the music, the lake."

"Yes, indeed I do," she confessed.

"If you had danced and flirted through one or two London seasons, you would not enjoy nature as you do; it would pall upon you—you would be apt to look at it through an eye-glass, and criticise the color of the water and the tints of the flowers—you would detest motes in the sunbeam, and false notes in the music."

She laughed.

"I should not be so keen a critic, Mr. Darcy."

"One who can criticise is not always the one who enjoys most," he said. "I like to see people honestly enjoying themselves, and leaving criticism alone."

The gardens were not crowded; there were seldom visitors enough at the hotel to form a crowd; but Hyacinth was struck by the pleasant, high-bred faces and elegant dresses.

"Do you see that lady there in the gray dress," said Mr. Darcy—"the one with two children by her side?"

Hyacinth looked in the direction indicated.

"That is the Princess Von Arten, the daughter of a queen. How simple and unassuming she is! She is staying here with her children. The gentleman now saluting her is the eminent statesman Wellmath."

Her face lighted up.

"I am glad to have seen him," she said; "I have read of him so often. Do you admire him?"

"I admire bravery," he replied, "but not unscrupulous daring. Do you see that lady sitting under the ilex tree?"

"The one with the sad, thoughtful face?" asked Hyacinth.

"Yes. Twelve months ago she was the leading star of the most brilliant court in Europe; now she has no home that she can call her own."

Hyacinth turned her face to his.

"Mr. Darcy," she said, "is the world, then, so full of reverses? I thought that, when one was happy and prosperous, sorrow and trouble did not approach. What is stable if money and friendship and happiness fail?"

"Just one thing," he replied, with the beautiful luminous smile she had never seen on any other face—"Heaven."

CHAPTER X.

HYACINTH Vaughan repeated one sentence over and over again to herself—they were always the same words—"Thanks Heaven, Adrian does not know what I have done."

For, as the days passed on, she learned to care for him with a love that was wonderful in its intensity. It was not his personal beauty that impressed her—by many people Claude Lennox would have been considered the handsomer man of the two. It was the grandeur of Adrian Darcy's character, the loyalty and nobility of his most loyal soul, the beauty of his mind, the strength and clearness of his intellect, that charmed her.

She had never met any one like him—never met so perfect a mixture of chivalry and strength. She learned to have the utmost reliance upon him.

His most lightly spoken word was to her as the oath of another. She saw that every thought, every word, every action of his was so perfectly correct that his least judgment was invaluable.

If he said a thing was right, the whole world could not have made her think it wrong; if he disapproved of anything, so entire was her reliance upon him that she could not be brought to consider it right.

Insensibly and without effort he became the leading influence of her life. She looked up to him for everything—for advice, counsel, opinions; insensibly she moulded all her thoughts and ideas on his. The result was most beneficial; her character developed itself rapidly, her thoughts and ideas became more noble and elevated, her notions of right and wrong more correct.

She looked back with something like horror and dread to that unhappy past. Now that the glamor of a pure and noble love was falling over her, she wondered how she could ever have been so blind as to believe that she cared for Claude Len-

nox—how she could have mistaken the slight affection compounded of vanity and love of excitement for a pure and noble sentiment like this.

"I must have been mad," she said to herself, looking back on the gulf from which she had escaped, "I cannot have been in my senses."

Then, as the glamor fell more and more deeply upon her, she began to forget Claude Lennox. After all, the hold he had taken of her fancy was but a slight one; his hold on her heart was still weaker. He had played but a very small part in her life's drama, and that part she was most anxious to forget.

It seemed so strange that she should have been ready to run away, so as to escape this Adrian Darcy; and now the brightest heaven of which she could dream was his friendship—for his love, after she understood him, she could hardly hope.

"How can he care for a child like me," she was accustomed to ask herself—"uninformed, inexperienced, ignorant? He is so great and so noble, how can he care for me?"

She did not know that her sweet humility, her graceful shyness, her naivete, her entire freedom from all taint of worldliness, was more precious to him, more charming, than all the accomplishments that she could have displayed.

"How can I ever have thought that I loved Claude?" she said to herself. "How can I have been so blind? My heart never used to beat more quickly for his coming. If I had the same liberty, the same amusements and pleasures which other girls have, I should never have cared for him. It was only because he broke the monotony of my life, and gave me something to think of."

Then in her own mind she contrasted the two men—Adrian, so calm, so dignified, so noble in thought, word, and deed, and so loyal, so upright; Claude, all impetuosity, fire, recklessness, and passion—not to be trusted, not to be relied upon. There was never a greater difference of character surely than between these two men.

How differently Adrian would have acted in Claude's place! He would never have asked her to leave home, never have persuaded her to run away, never have tempted her to secret, clandestine meetings: he would have looked with loftiest scorn on such things—nothing would have induced him to betray the trust that an innocent girl reposed in him.

How grateful she was now for her escape! How she had mistaken the shadow for the substance! If she had married Claude, what happiness she would have missed, how wretched she would have been! How she thanked Heaven! There was hardly an hour that gratitude for her escape was not burning like a clear flame in her breast.

She learned to look with Adrian's eyes, to think with his mind; and she became a noble woman.

Life at Bergheim was very pleasant; there was no monotony, no dreariness now. Her first thought when she woke in the morning was that she should see Adrian, hear him speak, perhaps go out with him. Quite unconsciously to herself he became the centre of her thoughts and ideas—the soul of her soul, the life of her life.

She did not know that she loved him; what she called her "love" for Claude had been something so different—all made up of gratified vanity and love of change. The beautiful affection rapidly mastering her was so grave and reverent—it filled her soul with light, her heart with music, her mind with beauty.

She did not know that it was love that made her heart beat so wild and fast when she saw him—that made her face flush until she was ashamed to raise it—that made her hands tremble and her lips quiver. She did not know that it was love that kept her awake throughout the night thinking of him, bringing back to her mind every word he had spoken—that made her always so anxious to look well.

"I always thought," she said to him one day, "that grave and thoughtful people despised romance."

"They despise all affection and caricature of it," he returned.

"Since I have been out in the world and have listened to people talking, I have heard them say, 'Oh, she is romantic!' as though romance were wrong or foolish.

"There is romance and romance," he said—"romance that is noble, beautiful, and exalting, and romance that is the overheated sentiment of foolish girls. Who so romantic as Shakspere? What love he paints for us—what passion, what sadness! Who more romantic than Fouque? What wild stories—what graceful, improbable legends he gives us! Yet who sneers at Shakspere and Fouque?"

"Then why do people apply the word 'romantic' almost as a term of reproach to others?"

"Because they misapply the word, and do not understand it. I plead guilty myself to a most passionate love of romance—that is, romance which teaches, elevates, and ennobles—the soul of poetry, the high and noble faculty that teaches one to appreciate the beautiful and true. You know, Hyacinth, there are true romance and false romance, just as there are true poetry and false poetry."

"I can understand what you call true romance, but not what you mean by false," she said.

"No; you are too much like the flower you are named after to know much of false romance," he rejoined. "Everything that lowers one's standard, that tends to lower one's thoughts, that puts more sentiment in the place of duty, that makes wrong seem right, that leads to underhand actions, to deceit, to folly—all that is false romance.

"Pardon my alluding to such things. The lover who would persuade a girl to deceive her friends for his sake, who would persuade her to give him private meetings, to receive secret letters—such a lover starts from a base of the very falsest romance, yet many people think it true."

He did not notice that her beautiful face had suddenly grown pale, and that an expression of fear had crept into her blue eyes.

"You are always luring me into argument, Hyacinth," he said, with a smile.

"Because I like to hear you talk," she explained. She did not see how full of love was the look he bent on her.

* * * * * *

Hyacinth Vaughan was soon to learn more of Mr. Darcy's sentiments. He was dining with them one day, when the conversation turned upon some English guests who had arrived at the hotel the evening before—Lord and Lady Wallace.

"She looks quite young," said Lady Vaughan. "She would be a nice companion for Hyacinth."

Mr. Darcy, to whom she was speaking, made no reply. Lady Vaughan noticed how grave his face had grown.

"Do you think so, Adrian?" she asked.

"Since you wish me to speak, my answer is—No; I do not think so."

"Do you mind telling me why?" pursued Lady Vaughan. "I have been so long out of the world, I am ignorant of its proceedings."

"I would rather you did not ask me, Lady Vaughan," he said.

"And I would rather hear what you have to tell," she persisted, with a smiling air of command that he was too courteous not to obey.

"I do not think Lady Wallace would be a good companion for Hyacinth, because she is what people of the period call 'fast.' She created a great sensation three years ago by eloping with Lord Wallace. She was only seventeen at the time."

Lady Vaughan looked slightly disgusted; but Hyacinth, who perhaps felt in some measure that she was on her trial, said—

"Perhaps she loved him."

Adrian turned to her eagerly. "That is what I was trying to explain to you the other day—false romance—how the truest, the purest, the brightest romance would have been, not eloping—which is the commonplace instinct of common-place minds—but waiting in patience. Think of the untruths, the deceit, the false words, the underhand dealings that are necessary for an elopement."

"But surely," interposed Lady Vaughan, "there are exceptions?"

"There may be. I do not know. I am only saying what I think. A girl who deceives all her friends, who leaves home in such a fashion, must be devoid of refinement and delicacy—not to mention truth and honesty."

"You are very hard," murmured Hyacinth.

"Nay," he rejoined, turning to her with infinite tenderness of manner; "there are some things in which one cannot be too hard. Anything that touches the fair and pure name of a woman should be held sacred."

"You think highly of women," she said.

"I do—so highly that I cannot bear even a cloud to shadow the fairness and brightness that belong to them. A woman's fair name is her inheritance—her dower. I could not bear, had I a sister, to hear her name lightly spoken by light lips. What the moss is to the rose, what green leaves are to the lily, spotless repute is to a woman."

As he spoke the grave words, Hyacinth looked at him. How pure, how noble the woman must be who could win his love! The attributes that distinguished her must be heavenly.

"Ah me, ah me," thought the girl, with a bitter sigh, "what would he say to me if he knew all? Who was ever so near the scandal he hates as I was? Oh, thank Heaven that I drew back in time, and that mine was but the shadow of a sin!"

Three weeks had passed since they came to Bergheim, and to Hyacinth they had passed like one long dream; she was so intensely, so completely happy that she hardly noticed the hours as they sped.

Lady Vaughan was just as tiresome as ever, and Sir Arthur as full of complaint; yet nothing troubled the young girl; she did not even notice her grand-parents' manner.

That which had been the burden of her life was now less than nothing; she even wondered that she could ever have lost patience with people so kind, so old, so worthy. She could smile at Lady Vaughan's solemn formality.

All things were changed to her; for the light that never yet lay on land or sea was in her soul and shone on her face.

Troubles had ceased to be troubles; the whole earth had grown so fair and bright for her that she could hardly remember that it had been otherwise. The poetry was all coming true; every fair and golden dream that had brightened her girlhood was being realized.

There were times when she thought, with a beating heart, of what Lady Vaughan had said to her—that it was her wish Adrian Darcy should marry her. The lot that had once seemed so hard to her was now so bright, so dazzling, that she dared not think of it—when she remembered it, her face flushed crimson.

"I am not worthy," she said over and over again to herself—"I am not worthy."

She thought of Adrian's love as she thought of the distant stars in heaven—bright, beautiful, but far away. In her sweet humility she did not think there was anything in herself which could attract him. She little dreamed how much he admired the loveliness of her face, the grace of her girlish figure, the purity, the innocence, the simplicity that, despite the shadow of a sin, still lingered with her.

"She is innately noble," he said one day to Lady Vaughan. "She is sure always to choose the nobler and better part; her ideas are naturally noble, pure, and correct. She is the most beautiful combination of child and woman that I have ever met. Imagination and common sense, poetry, idealism, and reason all seem to meet in her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOUSEHOLD AND PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.—We may as certainly gauge the morality of a country by the condition of the women and children, by the beauty or disorder of the homes, and the respect or disdain for personal cleanliness and adornment—all of which depend solely on woman's will and perception—as we learn by the existence of railroads or the frequency of telegraphs where a country stands in relation to the more advanced conditions of civilization.

The women who disregard the charm of what we may call the luxury, the elegance of household and personal cleanliness; whose eyes are not open to dirt; to whom rags are no shame, personal unloveliness no disgrace, home disorder no neglect of natural duty, are mainly responsible for the corruption sure to result from this uncared-for condition of home life.

With personal disregard comes personal degradation; with indifference to home comfort, neglect of property; and neglect of property brings loss, which is poverty, which is mendicancy—than which no agent is more powerful in the destruction of all self-respect.

A FABLE.—A dog, on a warm summer day, lay down in the shade, and soon fell asleep. He was awakened by the noise of a huge bull approaching his shady resting-place. "Get up," said the bull, "and let me lie down there." "No," replied the dog, "you have no right to the place. I was here first." "Well," said the bull, looking innocently at the dog, but with a furious twinkle in his left eye which made the dog's spinal column run cold and his lower jaw give way, "let us toss up for it." "Thank you," said the dog politely, "I never gamble." And he walked away. Moral: Virtue has its own reward.

Bric-a-Brac.

CURIOSITY REWARDED.—Some travelers were recently visiting at an elegant private garden at Palermo, in Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one upon which was written, "Non aperite," that is, "Don't open." This prohibition only served to excite their curiosity, and they very uncivilly proceeded to disobey their hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door a strong jet of water was squirted into their faces.

THE OLDEST TREE.—The oldest tree on earth, at least as far as anyone knows, is the Boo tree in the sacred city of Amarapoorah, Burmah. It was planted, the record says, in the year 288 B. C., and is, therefore, about 2200 years old. Its great age is proved by historic documents, says Sir James Emerson, who adds: "To it kings have dedicated their kingdoms in testimony of a belief that it is a branch of the identical fig tree under which Buddha reclined at Uoa, when he was undergoing his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away by pilgrims as relics, but, as it is too sacred to be touched, even with a knife, they can only be gathered after they have fallen.

HITTING THE FUNNY BONE.—This unpleasant sensation is caused by the violent excitation of the ulnar nerve due to a blow on the elbow. This nerve passes down on the inner side of the arm, and then, rather inconsiderately, bends round and enters the forearm at the back of the elbow joint. Any one who has felt his neighbor's elbow sticking into his ribs knows that the elbow is remarkably deficient in flesh. The nerve is, therefore, at this point very near the surface; and has little to shield it from a blow. If we are so unfortunate as to give our elbow a smart tap, we obtain a practical confirmation of the fact that the ulnar nerve is the principal sensory nerve of the forearm and hand.

SPANISH INCONSISTENCIES.—A traveler says: Curious contradictions are occasionally found in the higher ranks. I remember sleeping at the house of a decayed noble, who received me with the utmost hospitality. My sleeping apartment, however, was destitute of the most common conveniences of life. My bed had no curtains, there was not a looking-glass, there was not a chair in the room. Such being the case I was surprised and somewhat amused at seeing a menial attired in a faded livery of green and gold enter my apartment with much state, bearing a basin of massive silver, which he was himself compelled to hold, because there was no table on which he could place that ponderous relic of the departed splendor of the house.

A MONKEY ENTOMOLOGIST.—There is a story of an eminent naturalist (I forget his name) who was hoping to develop the intelligence of a monkey to whose education he was devoting himself. One day he saw with delight that the monkey was sitting at the other end of the room, turning over the leaves of a valuable book on entomology and looking at the plates with apparent interest. But on going nearer he saw, with dismay, that the monkey was turning over the plates in order that when he came to a particularly large beetle or butterfly he might pick it out and eat it. As the paper could not have had a nice taste, I think he may have been actuated rather by the fun of the thing than by a more depraved appetite. Perhaps he was verifying the like method of learning among the philosophers of Laputa.

EMERALDS.—The finest colored emeralds are at the present time worth $300 a carat. The emerald was a well-known gem when Moses wrote the book of Exodus, and was used as an ornament by the ancient Egyptians, as is proved by finding it occasionally among the old mummies. Herodotus mentions an emerald column in the Temple of Hercules, at Tyre, which emitted a light at night; and Pliny in his writings several times alludes to this charming stone. Egypt contains a vast store of emeralds, and we hear that a famous London gem merchant has been invited by the Government to go out, and to examine, and to make a bid for a concession. He is, therefore, about to depart on this business. South America used to be rich in emeralds. When Pizarro discovered Peru, he found the natives worshipping an emerald as large as an ostrich egg, and the temple containing it was so adorned with emeralds that several chests full were sent to Spain, each containing one hundredweight.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods, there is a rapture on the lonely shore, there is society, where none intrudes, by the deep sea, and music in its roar.

QUESTIONING.

BY C. M. M.

If there is a doubt in your heart to-day,
That stretches its shadows across to me,
If you cannot look in my eyes and say,
"My trust is perfect and full and free,"
For the sake of a day that would work us woe,
I pray you pity and tell me so.

When you look in my eyes and kiss my face,
And hold me close to your throbbing heart,
Is there ever in it a hint or place
That tells you we could in the future part?
Does a doubt, as faint as an undrawn breath,
Suggest a parting that was not Death?

Dear love, search so deep in your heart, I pray,
That its dimmest corner shall come to light,
Then look me straight in the eyes and say
The truth, as the truth seems just and right;
If your love can change—ah, love does, I know—
I pray you pity and tell me so.

TWO PUT APART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GWEN DALE'S ORDEAL," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "A TERRIBLE WEEK," "MADGE DALE'S FORTUNE," "UNDER COMPULSION," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

LADY MILDRED was too wise not to see the full force of his argument; but she bitterly begrudged him his victory. She was disconcerted to find how well the person she had stigmatised as "quiet and pliant" could take his own part when he considered it worth while, and, in particular, she keenly resented his repudiation of her control over Hilda.

"To leave the child here alone with you!" she murmured. "It is horrible!"

The insolent tone brought a flash of wrath into his eyes; but he maintained his self-control. He had had the best of it all through the engagement; it was not likely that at the moment of victory he would lose a point by a display of temper because his opponent chose to be insolent under defeat.

"Nevertheless it will have to be done," he answered placidly; "and, if it will be any comfort to you to hear me say it, I will promise not to burn the house down to get rid of her, or——"

"Oh, don't, don't!" moaned Hilda, interposing for the first time. "It is too horrible to hear you speak of it like that!"

"I beg your pardon!" he said at once. "I am sorry! It was a brutal thing to say. I spoke in the heat of the moment; but that is no excuse for making light of such a terrible accusation. I am ashamed of myself, Hilda!"

Lady Mildred rose slowly from her chair.

"You must have your own way now, simply because I am powerless to oppose you; but, if anything ever happens to alter our positions, you shall find me as hard to deal with as you have shown yourself to-day. Hilda, will you come and help me with my packing? I should like to get away, if possible, before luncheon. No—it would be only an empty form"—as Hayes offered his hand—"a form we may be compelled to go through in the presence of the others, but one which I would rather dispense with when I can. Good morning!"

"One moment!" he said, stepping forward as Hilda moved from the window; and Lady Mildred, already outside the door, looked back and waited. "You will not take the law into your own hands and run away from me, Hilda? You will not abuse my confidence in you, and compel me to assert myself and my rights?"

"You mean——"

"I mean, you won't snap your fingers in my face and go away with your mother to-day?"

"No," she murmured, in distressful agitation, flushing and faltering—"no, I won't do that, Pierrepoint."

He moved back at once, with a slight bow, and held the door open for her to pass through.

* * * * * *

With the exception of one mystical remark, made more to herself than Hilda, Lady Mildred let the question of separation drop from the moment they quitted Pierrepoint's presence.

"He is master of the situation now; but he may not always be. Let him once put himself in the wrong, and I will make no allowance for him."

The fateful words fitted in so well with her thoughts at the moment that Hilda wondered if her mother had heard any mention of Mrs. Mountjoy's sudden fancy for Pierrepoint's society.

It was not until they wanted Mattie's experienced help in the packing that Hilda remembered she had sent the old servant to the blue parlor with the little Primrose girls. She ran down at once and sent Mattie up to her mother, and waited to say a few words to the little ones before sending them to Mrs. Westedging for some "goodies."

The door of the blue parlor commanded the whole length of the corridor, and, as the eager prattlers neared the end, Hilda saw her husband come of his room, as if the children's voices had attracted him. He lifted Elsie on a chair, and apparently asked her some questions, which the excited child answered volubly; and Hilda noticed with surprise that she showed no shyness towards her questioner.

He pushed back the child's shabby hat from her forehead as he talked to her, and with gentle fingers arranged the pretty soft flaxen curls round the small pale face. His wife watched and wondered. She thought she began to understand the dogs' worship of their master. She found herself trying to imagine how it would seem to her to have him to touch her hair in that tender lingering fashion, and caught her breath in quick dismay at her own folly. She gently closed her door, and waited by the fire until the corridor should be clear for her to go up to her mother again.

But, when the merry chatterboxes were gone and Hilda was walking gently down the carpeted passage, Pierrepoint came quietly out, and she paused, half ashamed of being caught in the act of stealing past the door.

"Just one minute, Hilda!" he said, holding the door open suggestively. "Your little pensioners told me you were down there still, and I waited to ask you something. I did not choose to speak of it before your mother, because I did not want to include her in the arrangement. It's about your friend Terry—Miss Sugden. Why don't you fetch her down here at once, and let the wedding take place here?"

"Let the—— Oh!" She clasped her hands in an ecstasy of pleasure, with such a glow of delight on her face that he was seized with a passionate longing to touch her, to hold her in his arms, to kiss the sweet eager lips, the grateful eyes. But such things were not for him yet; and, when he spoke next, his voice was cold and harsh with the effort of self-repression.

"It is nothing," he said—"nothing at all! Don't look at me as if you thought I was conferring some extraordinary favor on you! The house is yours to do as you like in. I mention the matter only because I thought that perhaps the idea had not occurred to you; and she is such a good unselfish little soul, and you were always such friends, and it seems to me that her mother is awfully hard on her, and—well, I thought it was just about the right thing to do. What do you think yourself?"

"I should like to do it more than anything else in the world," she answered; "only would it interfere with those plans you were speaking of?"

"Not a bit! Arrange the wedding for the first or second week in December, and we'll keep the fortnight clear on purpose. There is another thing I wanted to say, but I'm a little timorous about it—a little afraid of putting my foot in it. Don't you think it would be a pleasant occupation for you if she came down here a month beforehand, and you help her to choose and buy the wedding-clothes—the whole trousseau, I mean? In the circumstances, would there be anything very much out of the way in your making her a wedding present of her outfit? You could send the bills in to me and—— My child, my dear child! Hilda!" She had pressed her hands over her eyes with a low cry, and turned her back on him in a tempest of tears which seemed to take her as much unaware as it did him. "Hilda, my child!" he said again, stepping a little nearer to her, puzzled and distressed at this unexpected result.

But she moved away as he advanced, and, seeing her shrink from him, he retreated again to his old post on the rug.

"It is—it is so good of you!" she faltered between her sobs. "Why are you so good to me? Why do you make it so difficult for me to—to—to keep up my——" She stopped, as if at a loss for a word, and the rest of the sentence was lost in sobs which shook her slight frame until she was obliged to lean against the table to steady herself.

He bore it calmly for a little while, and then strode resolutely over to her, and, taking her by the arm, drew her to a chair. The touch of his strong hands startled her so much that she paused a moment, looking at him with scared eyes—as if he were some monstrous ogre, he said to himself, with a rueful smile, and she expected nothing less than instant annihilation at his hands. But she was sobbing again as passionately as ever by the time he had seated himself at his writing-table, and he had to wait and let the paroxysm exhaust itself.

He was still watching her, with an uncomplaining patient expression on his face, when she raised her eyes suddenly and met his glance.

"What a mistake it has all been," she cried out involuntarily, in quick compassion—"what a mistake! If we could only begin all over again! What I would give if I had never known about your visit to Edinburgh!"

"Ah, Heaven, and I too, Hilda!"

There was such a passion of pain in the exclamation that it struck her dumb, until the chiming of the stable clock gave her an excuse to get away. She rose hastily with some murmured remark about Lady Mildred—a hint which he took at once.

"Then it is understood about Miss Sugden?" he said, crossing to open the door. "You will set to work about it at once?"

And she muttered a half-ashamed, half-grateful "Yes" as she slipped past him and hurried away, almost as if she felt that, in accepting this favor at his hands, she had sacrificed her self-respect.

The next morning Lady Tocatta's letter of invitation arrived.

"Would dear Mrs. Hayes come on that day week for a week's stay, and help to brighten a large party of fogies? Lady Tocatta would not have ventured to ask her at such short notice, only Mr. Hayes, whom they had stumbled across at the Haymarket Theatre last week, had said he was sure she would not be offended, even if she was not able to come. There was the dearest little suite of rooms at her disposal; they had been refitted for dear Naomi's honeymoon, and never occupied since. If she would come, they would all try to make her very happy."

The acceptance was sent off by return post, and Hilda was rather perplexed by the warmth of Pierrepoint's gratitude over such a simple matter. She was to recall it later on, and imagine she had found out what it meant.

That same afternoon Hayes picked up Mrs. Burtenshaw and Hubert as he drove through the village, and brought them home to tea, and, when it came on to rain, he ordered the brougham for their journey home. When the little lady remonstrated with him for making so much fuss, he laughed at her for her pains.

"There's something like a score of horses in the stables eating their heads off," he told her; "and the men haven't enough occupation to keep them out of mischief—nor the horses either, for that matter. Bustance was telling me this morning, Hilda, that your ponies take up one man's time in keeping them exercised—they're in such high condition. They've not been out with the carriage for a fortnight, he says. There's a meet at Thornfield to-morrow. Why don't you give them a spin over, and see the throw-off?"

"I don't think," Hilda began; and then something in Mrs. Burtenshaw's face made her pause. "Would you like to go?" she asked. "I should not care to go alone; but, if you would——"

"Care to go!" exclaimed Mrs. Burtenshaw, with a laugh. "Thornfield is my home, Mrs. Hayes—or rather was, I mean. A meet at Thornfield Manor means to me just everything that is most delightful!"

"Oh, well, that settles it!" returned Hilda, looking pleased. "I will call for you—— At what time, Pierrepoint?"

"Not a moment after half-past nine, Mrs. Burtenshaw, if you want to reach Thornfield in time to see the fun."

That point settled, the conversation turned upon Miss Fisher's abrupt summons to London, and Hilda gave the last accounts, received that morning, of the invalid friend.

"There is no chance of returning yet. The friend she is nursing is suffering from a slow incurable disease, and she is not likely to leave her."

"I was quite surprised when I heard the reason of her visit to London," Mrs. Burtenshaw remarked slowly. "Don't you remember how emphatic she was about her loneliness? She said she had not one friend left in the world since her aunt's death."

"Yes—I remember she did. It was funny of her. Perhaps she did not consider this Mrs. Morton a friend—really a friend, you know. Perhaps it was only when she found out that the poor thing was in trouble that she felt like a friend towards her."

When the ponies were brought round the next morning, Pierrepoint had already started, otherwise he would probably have sent the groom on with his horse and driven his wife himself.

Bustance had been too anxious about his master's mounts to have much attention to bestow on "them peaky little roans," and so it happened that Mrs. Hayes started without a word of warning from anybody. She had not had her hands on the reins two minutes before she knew she had her work cut out for the next half-hour.

The cobs were as full of frolic as they could be. They were not in the least vicious, and with any ordinary amount of work they had always shown themselves perfectly well-mannered. But on this day, having a large reserve of suppressed energy to work off, they took it into their heads that they were out for their own pleasure, and behaved accordingly. When Hilda pulled up at the Rectory gate, the watchful Moffatt was at their heads in a moment; but even with this inducement to proper conduct they fretted restlessly at their bits, impatient at the short delay and eager to be off again.

It was a very full meet that morning, and everybody was in the highest spirits, for there was a well-authenticated report of foxes having been seen in the Thornfield lower patch on the night before. The place of meeting was a little above the level of the road, and Hayes, who had been watching the road from Cruxwold for the past quarter of an hour, had just turned his back upon it to acknowledge the presence of the Master and his wife, when he heard one or two excited observations behind him.

"They're off, I tell you!"

"I don't think so; she's got 'em right enough!"

"Not she! She hain't grip enough! There! Look at that! They nearly had her out of the seat that time!"

"The man's going to take the reins!"

"He can't get any purchase from the back seat!"

Hayes pushed his way through the crowd as the sound of impetuous hoof-beats came up from the road below, and saw Hilda's roans coming along at a pace which looked perilously like a bolt. The next moment he was going down the hill and galloping along the grass inside the hedge. He got through presently, and planted himself across the road at some distance ahead of the approaching carriage. One or two horsemen, coming up from the opposite direction, joined him and form a barrier, shouting and waving their arms to attract the attention of the cobs; and, when the self-willed creatures saw that their little freak was over, they gave in at once and slackened speed. Though Hilda was almost breathless with her exertions, she was not too frightened to smile her thanks up at her husband and the two or three men who had followed him down to the road.

"They were having only a little enjoyment, I assure you," she said, her pretty face glowing with excitement. "I should have got control over them again as soon as we began to mount the rise. I'm very glad you stopped them, though; my arms were beginning to ache."

"You will let Moffatt drive them back?" queried Hayes anxiously, standing close to her with his bridle over his arm. "Promise me, Hilda!"

"Certainly, if you really wish it," she answered; and then, seeing how troubled he looked, she murmured, "I am very sorry to have given you such a scare. I do hope I've not spoilt your start!"

"No—there is time still," he replied. "Let me put you in the back seat before I go. I would not come up among the other horses if I were you; those little beggars may get excited again."

Hayes was the first of the group to move away up the hill again, and, as he went, he was joined by a man who had been watching the scene in the road from about halfway up.

"Hallo, Guthridge!" he said pleasantly. "Stolen another day from the deeds and parchments—eh?"

"Yes; I generally get one day a week through the season," answered the lawyer, turning his horse alongside Hayes as he spoke. "Did you succeed in comforting

that delightful little creature down below?"

Hayes darted rather a curious glance at his companion as he answered—

"She didn't need comfort. She was not frightened."

"Oh, wasn't she? At any rate, you seemed to have all the running to yourself at the back of the cart there. Evidently first favorite, it seemed to me. She's a client of mine, you know—or perhaps you didn't know. And, by Jupiter, I shouldn't wonder if you had a hand in inducing her to visit me—you quiet men are so precious deep—and all the time I thought it was that insipid friend of Hennessy's, young Mackenzie!"

Hayes drew a very deep breath, and looked all round the field and back again at his horse's ears before he said very quietly—

"Oh, she paid you a visit, and—and you thought Mackenzie was at the bottom of it?"

"Well, yes, seeing that he was the person to make the appointment for her."

"Would you mind telling me what she came to see you about, Guthridge?"

"Yes, I should, very much indeed!" replied Guthridge, suddenly recollecting that he had already said more than was advisable. "Lawyers don't, as a rule, discuss their clients' business outside the office, you know."

"So it was Mackenzie sent her to you? Do you know much of him?"

"Of Mackenzie? Not much. He's a thorough ladies' man. I know that from hearing his talk at Hennessy's quarters in Canterbury. Hennessy is a cousin of mine, and he and Mackenzie are great cronies. I suppose that was what made Mackenzie think of me when this job came along?"

"Oh, then it is to be a job?"

"Not it! They hadn't the ghost of a case! They're moving. Hayes! We'd better get a little closer up. There goes the music! What a fine brute that is of yours! Three hundred didn't pay for it, I'll wager! By-the-bye, where is that little Mrs. Davies located, Hayes? I didn't know she hailed from these parts."

"Mrs. Davies?" repeated Hayes inquiringly.

"The little lady driving the roan cobs."

"Oh, did you know her as Mrs. Davies?" rejoined Hayes quietly. "I wondered how you had made the mistake of talking to me about it. The lady's name is really Mrs. Hayes—Mrs. Pierrepoint Hayes, you know. Good morning!"

"Good heavens," muttered Guthridge, looking after Hayes in blank dismay, "this is what comes of my confounded frivolity, my weakness for getting a rise out of a man on every occasion! So she is Mrs. Hayes, and Hayes is the hero of that wonderful story she told me!"

It was noticed by one or two of the men that day that Guthridge rode with nothing like his usual spirit, and they wondered if his nerve was failing him.

When the start was fairly accomplished, and those who were driving or on foot began to turn homewards, Mrs. Leith, who had driven the Colonel to the meet, overtook Mrs. Hayes' cobs on the road and pulled up.

"By all that's lucky!" she cried out. "Are you going straight back, Mrs. Hayes? I wonder if you would be good-natured and take me back to Cruxwold village with you? How do, Mrs. Burtenshaw? Giving Thornfield a treat? I want to see Primrose, the saddler, about some tearing-reins, Mrs. Hayes. The Colonel told me to see to it at once, and the girls are waiting at home for the trap; so you see what a fix I am in."

Hilda was always delighted to be of service in such neighborly little matters.

"So you are going to Petmanhurst next week?" the chatty woman went on, when the change had been effected. "Mr. Hayes told me just now when I was bothering him to fix a night next week to dine with us. I expect you will have a delightful time of it. The Tocattas entertain better than any one else at this end of the country. I met the second girl, Lotta, the day before yesterday, and she was telling me of some of the people who were coming. Among others she mentioned your cousin Lord Tenterden. Oh, and whom do you think? You mustn't look shocked, my dear; nowadays people have left off being exclusive in their notions. That woman, Mrs. Mountjoy, is to be there! From what Lotta said, I gathered that several additions had been made to the party on purpose to please that shameless horror, your names among the others. She is going to put Mr. Hayes into her next book, it seems, and she asked Lady Tocatta if she couldn't contrive to give her an opportunity of 'studying him;' which means, I suppose, that she is to be allowed to monopolise his society during her stay at Petmanhurst. Impertinence, isn't it? Upon my word, the airs and insolence of these book-people are getting beyond all bearing with!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. LEITH'S news raised such a sudden passion of resentment in Hilda's mind that for the next few minutes she could only sit still and fight against the dangerous desire to put some of the bitterness in her heart into words.

So that was why Pierrepoint had set his heart so irrevocably upon their accepting the invitation to Petmanhurst—because he knew "that woman, Mrs. Mountjoy," was going to be there! For of course he did know it—indeed it was not unlikely that the much-sought-after novelist herself had had a voice in the arrangement. Lady Tocatta was one of the most complaisant of hostesses: she would be only too delighted to yield to a wish, however faintly expressed, on the part of so distinguished a guest.

Hilda recalled her own words to Hugh Mackenzie—"Does this mean emancipation for me?" She remembered her great suffering at his answer—"I don't know enough yet to say, but I think it may mean that in the time to come." She was undergoing all that suffering over again now, in this moment when she realized that her cousin's prophecy was likely to be fulfilled.

For the past two months, ever since the discovery of that ring in her husband's study had crushed the last hope out of her heart, she had been telling herself that any alternative was preferable to spending her life with this man who was a criminal at heart if not in deed; and yet no sooner did she begin to suspect that she might really be called upon to leave him, without any choice in the matter, than she discovered that life without him would be far worse than her present existence.

Until now she had never been candid with herself; she had persuaded herself into the belief that her one desire was to escape from him, and all the time she had known that he would never let her go. During that stormy interview between Lady Mildred and Pierrepoint, she had felt absolutely safe from her mother's hateful tyranny; she knew that he would never let her return to that. But now a far different idea possessed her.

If this brilliant, unscrupulous, irresistible woman set her heart upon adding his name to her list of captives, what chance had a puny, pale-faced, insipid girl against her—a girl too who had taken every opportunity that offered to make herself detestable and objectionable? If this woman, who was so sought after herself, chose to flatter Pierrepoint by showing a decided preference for his society, he would soon cease to trouble himself about the comfort or pleasure of his ill-tempered girl-wife.

It was dusk when Hayes reached home, tired and much bespattered, after an unusually long day. From her place by the drawing-room fire Hilda heard the dogs greet him. She was rather surprised that he did not look in at her on his way upstairs, and at the same time she was relieved. With that new doubt of him in her mind, she was not at all impatient for a meeting.

The time went on slowly until Mattie came tapping gently at the door to ask if her mistress was aware how late it was—Mattie did many things which an ordinary lady's-maid might not have ventured to do. But, even when Hilda was dressed and down in the cosy small drawing-room again, her husband did not come. It was not until Wilberforce opened the door to announce dinner that he too came just inside the door and waited in silence for her to pass out. She did not look at him as she went, and yet she felt there was something unusual about him. Absorbed as she was in her own angry thoughts against him, she could not remain blind to the fact that his manner towards herself had undergone a curious change since he had left her on the road below Thornfield lower patch. He make no attempt to make talk during dinner—he did not even ask her how the cobs behaved on the homeward journey; he made no effort whatever to keep up appearances, and, noting the set sternness of his face, she began to tremble and wonder what had happened to bring about such a change in him since the morning.

When she rose from the table, he followed her at once from the room, requesting Wilberforce not to bring coffee until he rang for it.

This order so frightened Hilda that, for a moment, she was inclined to ascend the staircase and seek the protection of Mattie's presence in her own rooms. But she knew it would be unless. If Pierrepoint wished to have an interview with her that night, he would certainly have one, so she might as well yield first as last.

He opened the conversation abruptly the moment the door was shut behind him. His manner, though quiet, was harsh and unsympathetic, and a little wanting in the marked consideration which he had hitherto always shown in his intercourse with her.

"I met an acquaintance of yours at Thornfield this morning, Hilda."

"Of mine."

"Yes. I wonder you did not recognize him; though there isn't much in common between a lawyer's respectable frock-coat and a riding turn-out. It was Guthridge the lawyer."

Her face turned deathly pale, though it was his manner more than his words that frightened her.

"No," she said—"I did not recognize him. But he is hardly an acquaintance of mine. I called upon him once on a matter of business—that is all."

"Oh, yes; he told me! I was rather surprised. I thought you would have gone to my lawyer if you needed advice."

She did not answer. She would not stoop to invent a string of falsehoods; it would be very awful to have to tell him the truth, but she would do it rather than descend to trickery.

"He told me it was your cousin, Hugh Mackenzie, who sent you to him."

"Yes."

"And, when Mackenzie made the appointment for you, did he know the object of your visit?"

"The object?"

"Yes. Did he know what the business was that you went to consult Guthridge about?"

"No."

"Well, I don't quite know either, though I have a suspicion. I think it would be better for us both that we should know just where we stand. Would you mind telling me please?"

"I cannot tell you!" she replied, with sudden vehemence. "Don't ask me; I cannot tell you!"

"Will you answer another question, then? If you assure me that it was a private affair of your own—something which does not concern me at all—I will drop the subject at once. Was it?"

She did not reply—partly because the untruth would not come readily, partly because she believed he knew more than he had admitted.

"You will at least tell me that much, Hilda; I think I have a right to that assurance, at least."

"I cannot give it you."

"I see. You mean that your visit to Guthridge, under an assumed name, did concern me? Then I must press you to explain matters a little. Did you want to find out if there was any chance of hanging me out of hand for the complicity in poor Alice Mostyn's death which you choose to impute to me? You don't care to answer the question in that form? Well, I must try again. Did you tell him that you suspected me of murdering my first wife within a week of my marriage with you?"

She raised her head and faced him in desperation. This was the first time he had ever voluntarily alluded to the ghastly subject, and, now that she heard her suspicions put into plain straightforward words, she was struck with a sudden sense of their futility. Influenced by this change of opinion, her visit to the lawyer appeared to her in its true light—it was something worse than a folly; it was a terrible injustice to her husband.

Since she had believed in his guilt on such slight evidence as that afforded by an anonymous letter, it was perhaps natural that she should begin to believe in his innocence for no better reason than because he treated her suspicion with this air of contempt.

If she had been a girl of great mental gifts, if she had possessed even a fair amount of strength of mind, she would have acted all through very differently. But then she would never have attracted the attention of Pierrepoint Hayes. She was just a sweet-tempered pliant child, swayed by her heart and her imagination instead of by common sense and a calm judgment.

It was the absence of those qualities which had led her into the folly of her visit to Guthridge, just as it was the absence of the same qualities which made her so winsome and lovable in the eyes of her husband. Gentle and pliant as she was however, she was not without real courage, and she faced her justly-incensed husband with a gleam in her usually soft gray eyes, which he noted and admired, in spite of his bitter heart-ache.

"Yes," she said steadily—"I suppose you have a right to know. I did tell him that at the time of your first wife's death it had been suggested that——"

He turned swiftly upon his heel, stopping her abruptly in the middle of her speech, and, laughing boisterously, paced the room for a minute or two with long heavy strides, giving vent now and again to short derisive remarks on the position.

"Such an amusing story it will make! Telling me to my face that my own wife had been to him to lay an information against her husband! I suppose the foolish tale will spread, and I shall find myself cold-shouldered all round. Not that that really matters much; I don't set so much store by my neighbors' opinions as some people. Well, it is your own doing, and you will have to face the consequences. It was excusable enough your telling your mother of this childish fancy of yours, but to tell a stranger! How Mackenzie could have been such a fool as to send you to a man hailing from these parts—— That reminds me!" He stopped suddenly in his walk, and then came nearer to her, and put his next question with evident determination to have a definite answer. "Mackenzie certainly referred to as having been at the bottom of this lunatic visit of yours. Yet you tell me he did not know your object in going?"

"No."

He looked at her flushed face with a very stern light in his eyes.

"I should not like to think you would stoop to a deliberate falsehood, Hilda."

"I have told you the truth. When Hugh gave me Mr. Guthridge's address, in reply to a letter from me, he had not the faintest idea of what I wanted to see him about."

"And since? Have you told him since?"

"Yes."

"I begin to understand." His tone was intensely quiet now; but to Hilda it sounded far more terrible than ever. "There was method in your madness, after all. I thought I had only the unconsidered folly of a child to reckon with; I was mistaken. The whole affair was the carefully matured plan of a woman of the world, who considered it wiser to shake off the bonds which had always been hateful to her before assuming others more to her own taste. You hoped to free yourself effectually from me in order that you might be at liberty to—— Very well; I won't say it if it will offend your delicate ears"—she had held out her hands in a silent appeal for forbearance—"but I am glad, very glad indeed, that we have had this explanation. It frees me from a load of regret. I have always felt that you were a much-wronged child, a helpless victim in all that has happened; now I begin to see that you are capable of fighting your own battles, and I feel responsible. You are bent upon freeing yourself from me; but you are anxious to do it in such a manner that no blame may fall upon yourself. Such sublime selfishness should surely succeed. Have a little patience, and your way back to freedom may be made easy for you. Good night!"

He turned and left the room, leaving her there deathly pale and trembling violently, with the echoes of his cold steady voice still ringing in her ears.

It was all over now! Henceforth they would be farther apart than ever. The choice of advancing or retreating was no longer open to her; she had broken down his patience and forbearance at last. For good or for evil, the die was cast; civility and courtesy were all that was left to them in the present, and in the future—had he not said it himself?—there was to be a restoration of her freedom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INEXPENSIVE FILTER.—Very many families desire some inexpensive device for filtering rain and other waters, to be used for cooking and table use. A cheap and very efficient filter may be made by using a spirit or wine cask, placing it on one end with the head removed, and having a faucet at the bottom to draw off the clear water. To fit it for the filter, take the removed top head of the cask, and, with a small bit, bore holes all over it; then place four clean bricks or blocks of wood on the bottom, and on these rest the perforated top. Now fill upon it about four inches of charcoal chopped into small bits the size of peas; over this put a layer of sand six inches deep. Impure water poured into the cask on top of the sand will become clear and sparkling after a little while, or as soon as all fine particles are worked out by the charcoal and sand. This filter will not need renewing oftener than once in two or three months.

THE RIVER.

BY J. L.

Flowing gently, flowing ever
Onward on thy winding way,
Rippling, murm'ring, limpid river,
Shining in the sunny ray.

From the verdant banks, wild flowers
Bend to kiss thy water clear;
And from out the leafy bowers,
Sweetest wood-notes charm the ear.

Flowing gently, ever flowing
By the daisy garnish'd mead,
Where the alder trees are growing,
And the gleesome lambkins feed.

But moreover thou lovest to tarry
By yon shady, sylvan grove,
Where my young, my darling Mary
Lives to bless me with her love.

The Enchanted Gun.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE evening closed in dull and thick, with that stagnant heaviness of the atmosphere which often precedes a storm. There was a moon; but its face was veiled by the laden clouds; and its light, dissipated through the murky air, created that kind of "darkness visible" which gives a drearier aspect to the landscape than when it is wholly obscured.

The only cabin in sight lay in the midst of a desolate "clearing," which, though completely walled round by the forest of firs from whose depths I had just issued, bore not a trace of shrubbery to relieve the waste of blackened stumps.

A well, of primitive construction, with the bucket dangling at the end of a grape-vine attached to a long lever pole, crowned a naked knoll, where the stumps had been cleared away.

The pole, from which the bark had never been stripped, was nearly covered with that pale green moss which will often collect upon the dry rails of a fence which have not for years been disturbed; and this, with the night-wind whistling through the parted staves of the decrepit bucket, proved sufficiently that the well, if not dried up entirely, was still no longer used.

A low shed, built of logs, and roofed with bark, was the only other outward appurtenance of the cabin.

The whole picture, it will be acknowledged, was a dreary one. Comfortless, monotonous—almost heart depressing!—a scene of wildness, without beauty; of solitude, without dignity; a woodland home, without one attribute of rural cheerfulness; an abode in the wilderness, utterly destitute of forest shelter and security.

The spirits of evil, which, in some lands, are believed to take up their abode in every deserted palace or ruinous castle, methought would straightway migrate hitherward, did they dream of a spot so utterly lonely, and, as it seemed, so man-forsaken!

I say "seemed;" for though the traces of what are called improvements were about me, I could scarcely realize that the hands which had once wrought there might still be busy near.

The man who had made such an opening in the forest must, I thought, have been frightened at his own work, the moment he ceased from his toil, and become aware how uncouthly he had given shape and form to the spirit of solitude which still sighed among the tall trees around him.

I dismounted near the cabin, and scarcely touched the door with the butt of my riding-whip, when it was flung open from within by some one, who instantly retired from the threshold.

The abruptness of the act did, I confess, startle me. Though not easily alarmed, my mood of mind at the moment was such as to prompt some mystic association with the scenes and circumstances already detailed.

I am a perfect barometer of the weather; and the approach of a thunder-gust always weighs down my spirits with undefinable oppression, in the same degree that a driving snow-storm exhilarates them.

The low mutterings of the oncoming tempest, which were now beginning to be audible, would, then, be sufficient to account for my present sensibility to gloomy influences; but I might also mention other things which, perhaps, added to the present anxiety of feeling, if the phrase be not too strong a one.

It will suffice, however, to state merely that I had not heard the sound of human speech in the last two days, and that that which now met my ears was harsh and discordant. It was the croaking tone which you may sometimes catch from a sour-tempered virago as she strolls from the conventicle.

"I thought you'd a been here afore," said this ungracious voice; which, upon entering the apartment, I recognized as belonging to its only occupant.

She was a heavy-built woman, of coarse, square features, and saturnine complexion. She wore her straight, black hair plainly parted over her eyebrows, which were bushy, and meeting in the middle.

One elfish lock had escaped from behind her ears as she stooped over the hearth, holding a tallow candle to the ashes, which she was trying to blow into a flame, when my summons interrupted the process.

"You thought I would have been here before?" I exclaimed at last, in reply to her singular salutation. "Why, my good woman, I have lost my way, and only stumbled upon your house by accident. You must take me for somebody else."

"I'm no good woman. Don't good woman me," she replied, with a scrutinizing glance, which had something, I thought, of almost fierceness in it, as, shading the new lighted candle with one hand, she turned scornfully round, and fixed her regards upon me.

"Yes! yes, stranger, you are the man, the very man that was to come at this hour. I dreamed ye—I dreamed yer hoss—yer brown leggins and all, I dreamed 'em. And now go look after yer critter, while I get some supper for ye."

Those who are so good as to follow me in my story will, perhaps, be vexed and impatient, when I tell them here the whole of this singular scene has no immediate bearing upon its denouement.

"Why, then," it may be asked, "do you delay and embarrass the relation with the detail of matters that have no connection with the incident for which you would claim our interest?"

I did not say they had no connection with it! They have an intimate—a close connection. It was these very circumstances which still further fashioned the mood of mind under which I became an observer and partially an actor in the startling though grotesque events which followed; and I wish to place the reader in exactly the same position that I was in. I wish to win him, if possible, to perfect sympathy of feeling with me for the hour, and let him exercise his judgment, if he care to, from precisely the same point of mental observation.

We have returned, then, to the cabin. He (the reader) or I are again alone in the midst of the wilderness, in that dreary room, alone with that weird-looking woman.

The storm is now howling without; but it does not chafe savagely enough to excite the dispirited temper of our feelings, or offer a contrast of any dignity to the gloomy influences within.

Supper was already prepared for me when I returned from looking after my horse.

The coarse bacon and hoe-cakes were placed before me without another word being spoken between my hostess and myself.

I drew a rude stool to the table, and was in the act of helping myself from the wooden platter.

"Stop! I hear them coming!" cried the woman.

"Hear them! Who?" said I, turning round sharply, as some new, though undefinable suspicion flashed upon me.

"Them as will have to share that supper with ye, stranger—if how's be't they let ye eat any of it."

I had no time to weigh further the meaning of her words, for at this instant there was a sharp flash of lightning, the door was dashed suddenly open, and three armed men strode into the apartment, the storm pelting in behind them as they entered, and a terrific thunder-burst following instantly the lightning, amid whose glare they crossed the threshold.

The pallor of their countenances, set off by their long black dripping locks, seemed measurably to pass away when that livid light was withdrawn; but from the moment that the door was flung open, there was an earthy smell in the room; which, whether coming from the reeking soil without, or from the garments of these wild foresters, was most perceptible.

Those less familiar than myself with the raw savored odors which sometimes travel out with the rich perfume of the woods, would, I am persuaded, have identified it with the grave-damps which our senses will sometimes take cognizance of in old churchyards.

The aspect of two of these men was sufficiently formidable, though in point of stature and an appearance of burly strength they were inferior to their companion. They were square-shouldered, black-bearded fellows, armed both with hatchet and bowie-knife, in addition to the short rifles, which they still retained, laid across their knees, as they settled themselves side by side upon a bench, and looked coldly around them.

The third was a full cheeked, heavy-featured man, of about eight-and-twenty, bearing a strong resemblance to my hostess, both in complexion and countenance, save that his eyebrows, instead of being square and coal-black, like hers, were irregularly arched, and of a faded brown. His mouth also lacked the firmness of expression which dwelt around her thin and shrewish lips.

This man bore with him no weapon, save a huge old German piece, a Tyrolean rifle, as it seemed to me, from the enormous length of the barrel, and the great size of the bore, as well the outlandish and cumbersome ornaments about the stock and breeching.

It was, evidently, a weapon intended for the great distances at which the chamois-hunter claims his quarry; and though serviceable for a long shot on our western prairies, was ill suited to the thick woods of the Apalachian mountains.

Inconvenient, however, as the length and size of the piece might make it in some hands, it seemed to be nothing in the grip of the sturdy mountaineer (who had, probably, brought it from some passing emigrant from the old world), for I observed, even as he entered, that he held the gun vertically at arm's length before him.

Still, he seemed glad of relieving himself of the weight as soon as possible, for he instantly advanced to the farthest corner of the room, where he placed the piece, with some care, in an upright position against the wall.

"Well! what for now?" said the virago. "Why do you stand looking at the gun after you've set it down? You think she'll walk off of herself, do ye?"

The youth looked gloomily at her—took a stool on the opposite side of the hearth to his companions—leaned his head doggedly upon his hand, but said nothing.

I thought I had never fallen in with a stranger set of people.

"What! Hank Stumpers, hain't ye a word to fling to a dog?" cried the woman, advancing toward him; "is that the way you treat yer dead father's wife?"

The young man looked up stupidly at her, gave a glance with something more of intelligence at the gun, but still said nothing.

"Yes—yer natural-born mother—ye chuckle-head, ye—and she a widder. Can't ye speak up to her—where's the deer?—the turkeys?—the squirrels—hain't ye got even a squirrel to show for your day's work?—speak you, John Dawson, what's the matter with the boy? He be n't drunk, be he?"

"It's a matter of five hours, Mother Stumpers, since either of us touched a drop," replied one of the men briefly, and he, too, gave a furtive glance at the fire-lock.

"Well—well, why don't ye go on? is any one dead?—are ye all distraught?—Jackson Phillips, you—you've felt the back of my hand across yer chaps, afore now, for yer impernence—I know ye, man, and that sober possum-look means something! Do ye think to gum it over me afore this stranger—speak up, and that at onst, or it'll be the worst for some of ye, or my name's not Melinda Washington Stumpers!"

(I dare not smile, reader, as you do, at Mrs. S's sponsorial dignity—I did not dare to smile.)

"You know we wouldn't offend you, no, Mother Stumpers," deprecatingly replied the man whom she addressed as Phillips. "Hank's misfortune, you see, has made us dull-like, as it were, and——"

"And what in the name of Satan is his misfortun'?" interrupted the mother, now for the first time moved with concern as well as anger.

"That's it—that's it, mammy," cried Hank, with something of alertness—"she's drov the very nail on the head—Satan is at the bottom of all of it."

"At the bottom of what?" screamed the virago, and, even as she spoke, the ancient piece in the corner, untouched by any one—without the slightest movement of the lock—discharged itself toward the ceiling!

"At the bottom of the bar'l of my gun—he speaks for himself," replied Hank, moodily, while his mother started back, and I sprung to my feet at the sudden report so near me.

"Your gun must be foul," I said, resuming my seat, "very foul, to hang fire so long. I suppose she made a flash in the pan when attempting to discharge her just before entering."

Stumpers looked vacantly at me, shook his head, muttered something about he and his mother being "ruinated," and then more audibly said, "Stranger, you may have more book larnin' than me, but I tell ye, onst for all, that Satan's got into that gun!"

An! bang! at that moment again went the gun, as if to prove that his words were sooth.

"This is, certainly, most extraordinary," I exclaimed, as I rose to examine the gun for myself.

"You'd better not touch her, stranger," cried Phillips.

"I tell you she's got Satan in her," repeated Hank.

I looked at Dawson, inquiringly.

"Fact! stranger, every word of it. Hank's not been able to get that gun off since noon; but about a hundred rod afore we struck the clearing she begun firing of her own accord, just as you see——"

Bang!—Bang!—went the gun.

"I told you that Satan was in her!" ejaculated Hank.

"That's the way with her," said Phillips, in a tone of solemn sadness, "sometimes she'll not speak for a matter of ten minutes or so; sometimes she gives two little short barks like those; and sometimes she gives a regular rip-snorter——

(Bang! thundered the gun.)

like that!"

"I told you she'd got Satan in her!" still repeated Hank.

I confess that it was now only the calmness of those around me which prevented some feeling of superstitious terror being disagreeably awakened in me. The men, however, seemed sad and awe-struck, rather than alarmed; while the woman—a thing not uncommon with resolute minds disposed to believe readily in the supernatural—seemed at once to accept the fearful solution of the mystery which had been proffered to her, and ready to meet it with an unflinching spirit. Still, puzzled and bewildered as I was, I could not but smile at the manner in which her emotions now manifested themselves.

"Well?" she cried, impatiently, "and what a poor skimp of a man you must be to let Satan get into the piece when you had her all day in yer own keeping."

"I a skimp of a man?" answered her son with spirit; there is n't another fellow in these diggins who'd 'a brought that gun home as I did, after he diskivered that sich goings on were inside of her. And if she'd tell her own story——"

Bang!—bang!—bang! pealed the gun.

"That's Satan who speaks now——"

Bang—phizz—bang!

"It's Satan, I say, and no mistake. But if she'd tell her own story she'd own I never let her go out of my hand this blessed day; save when Jackson Phillips tuk Dawson's piece and mine to watch for deer on the runaway while we went down the branch to see if we couldn't get a big sucker or two for supper out of the deep hole where I cotched so many fish last fall. No! if she'd speak for herself——"

Bang! thundered the gun, with a report so tremendous that I involuntarily put my hand to my ears.

"Gim me the tongs, gim me them 'ere tongs," shouted Mrs. Stumper, in great wrath; while Dawson turned pale, and even Phillips seemed a little disturbed as he muttered, "If the old thing should bust it might be a bad business for us."

Hank, however, doggedly handed his mother the tongs; and before I could interpose, or, indeed, before I was aware what the courageous woman was about to do, she had grasped the gun with the tongs, near the lock, and bearing it before her with a strong arm she moved toward the door. "Why don't ye open——"

Bang!—phizz!—bang!—bang!—phizz!—phizz!—bang! alternately pealed and sputtered the gun; but still the interpid virago went on. I sprung to the door and flung it wide open before her.

The light from within was reflected upon the hollow button-wood trunk which formed the curb of the well opposite, and in another instant the gun was plunged to the bottom.

"Thar!" said Mrs. Stumper, clapping the tongs in true housewife fashion as she replaced them in the chimney-corner. "Now one can hear hisself speak without the bother of sich a clatter."

Bang! moaned the gun at the bottom of the well.

"Can't stop Satan, that way, mammy,"

said Hank, his stupid face sicklying over with an unhappy smile.

The mystery had now deepened to the highest point of interest—that last discharge was wholly unaccountable—and for my own part, my curiosity was wound up to a pitch that was positively painful. I remembered, though, the shattered bucket, and bethought myself of asking if there were any water in the well.

"About enough to come up to a lizard's ear," answered Hank; "but there's a smart chance of mud under it, I tell ye, stranger.. That old gun will keep sinking for a week yet."

"She's stopped," said Dawson.

"Yes," answered Phillips, "and we'd better fish her out before she sinks beyond our reach."

"Don't I tell ye Satan's in the gun," cried Hank almost furiously—"down—down—she'll keep going down now till he has her in his own place all to himself. I lost an axe myself in that well onst, and if half that father used to tell about it be true——"

Spluch—uch—uch—Bubble—uble—bang—ble—Bang!—Splu—ble—bang—bang——Bang!!!

We listened—we looked long at each other. With the last report, which was almost overpowering, I was convinced that the explosion must have been aided by inflammable gas at the bottom of the well, for the blue flame, as it rose from it, flashed through the only window of the cabin, and showed the features of its ignorant inmates, for the first time, distorted with real terror. At least Phillips and Dawson, upon whom my eye was fixed at the time, looked perfectly aghast with fright.

Hank's supposition of the ultimate destiny of his famous gun (viz. going to the sporting dominions of the Great Hunter below) could hardly be true, however, inasmuch as a piece of the blackened muzzle was found next morning, driven half through a fragment of the well curb which lay shattered around, broken to splinters by the explosion of the fire damp.

The poor young man fairly wept outright when it was shown him by Phillips; who, with a generosity I could not sufficiently admire at the time, insisted upon replacing the hoary weapon of Hank's affections with his own light Easton rifle, saying at the same time he had a Kentucky tool at home which he much preferred to the Pennsylvania yager.

This same Phillips, by the way, very civilly offered after breakfast to put me on my road, which, from the number of Indian trails along the borders of the Cherokee country, I had wholly lost.

"I say, stranger," said he, the moment we had got out of earshot of the house, "you were devilish cool when that well blew up! tell me the trick of it only, and I'll tell you the trick of the gun, which rayther skeared you a few, as I think."

I explained the fire damp to him.

"Really, now," he exclaimed, "wells is almost unknown in this country, for we either settle down by a spring, or get our water from the branch. But the fust well I fall in with I'll draw up a bottle of that gas, as you call it, and have some real fun with the fellers. But look here," said he, stopping and tearing off some dry fungus from an old stump, "when you want to play a chap sich a trick as made music for us last night, you've only to put twenty charges in a gun, with sich wads as this atween each of them—and a scotch now and then instead of dry powder will be all the better; ram each down well; let the chap carry his gun about for an hour or so, unbeknowing—jist as that simple Hank did—and choose your own time for dropping a piece of lighted touchwood into the muzzle."

Upon my word, I was not sorry that I was to part company, before night, with this practical joker; who, for aught I knew might seize some tempting opportunity to slip a snake or so into my boots, stuff my saddle with squibs, or play off some little piece of facetiousness like that with which the jocular Captain Golfe, in Scott's novel of the Pirate, used now and then to indulge his humor; the said captain having a funny way of discharging his pistol under the mess-table, merely to pepper some one's shins with a half-ounce ball.

Old Friend.—"What became of that beautiful full-length portrait of yourself and your first husband?" Mrs. Twotimes—It is hidden away in the garret. My second husband has never seen it yet. I'm keeping it for a surprise." "A surprise?" "Yes. If he ever again gives me a ten-cent bottle of perfumery for a Christmas present I'll give him that painting for a New Year's present."

MY "CURE."

I want to know whom I ought to sue, for there is more than one party implicated in this fearful practical joke. Some guilt certainly rests at the door of Strychnine, my doctor, who declared that the cure would make another man of me. He only laughs when I remind him of his prophecy, and says I am another man, according to my confession.

This is true in a certain sense; but then, though I did not wish my "double" to be double the man I was, I did not expect him to be less than my previous half, as he is.

Some part of the blame must laid to the account of the guide books, for they clinched the fatal suggestion in my mind by recommending such and such waters as sure to bring health and content—"even to musicians," as one of them forcibly said.

Then many of my friends urged me to go. What diabolical depths there are in the hearts of one's friends! They each and all declared that they would be sorry to part with me, even for a time; but they were sure it was the only thing left for me.

I now verily believe it was a plant, and that their sorrow was as the grief of one who seeth his wife off by train. But I am sure an action ought to lie somewhere for my being sent to the Cure, and coming back in this lamentable condition.

I am not going to name the place; but it was "Bad" by name, and the same by nature, and I believe the devil was in it. On leaving home I turned the scale at sixteen stone.

My intimates, indeed, used to call me "comfortable" to my face, while the more joocse of them hinted at "podginess" and "running to seed;" and ladies, when they wished to be particularly flattering, talked slightingly to me of scarecrows, and bags of bones.

Now, before I went to this Cure I knew very well by experience that if you want your hair cut on the Continent, unless you watch the hairdresser as carefully as a ham and beef man does the turn of the scale, he would give you a "prison crop" that would keep you under glass for a month; but I did not know that the practice at Cures was analogous, and that if you do not take care they will have every ounce of flesh off you before you know where you are.

In the case of your hair, you can look in the mirror, and see the progress which is being made, but it is quite different with the Cure. There the mischief is done before you have the least suspicion of it. After a fortnight of treatment you say to yourself, "I'm certainly a few ounces less now, and I'll draw the line here."

But it is already too late. Your splendid figure, though still there, has all got notice to quit, and go it will during the next fortnight, whether you stay at the Cure or not, and in spite of any amount of food. At all events, that was my case, and during that latter fortnight I endured agonies I cannot describe.

The necessary overhauling of my wardrobe was a melancholy process. As the carrion crow will scent the carcass, so my landlady, who affects a reversionary interest in my clothes, could not be kept out of the room during the operation.

She hopped and skipped about and grinned all over with delight, and would take no hint to retire. She knew of course, clever woman, that there would necessarily be a wholesale sacrifice of broadcloth.

This good lady has a son, a thin young man, who, however, is irritable, and has always been able to blow himself into my clothes to a hair. Now that my clothes must be made many yards smaller, I have no doubt she will be able to find a collapsible nephew who can jump into them.

Getting new attire, however, though an annoyance, is after all an easy matter; but who—ah who?—will restore to me my equipoise?

As we are all scientific now, we all know that we propel ourselves forward by a nicely-balanced set of actions, which are, through long practice, unconscious. Now, you want one set of actions to move forward a mass of sixteen stone, and quite another when the mass is reduced to twelve.

I do all I can to get the new set; but the old set distinctly has it at present, and, as a consequence, I am to be seen, a most painful sight, not walking but jerking forward, overbalancing myself, and throwing myself headlong into the arms of all sorts of people.

I am eyed most suspiciously by the police, and the man on our beat actually called yesterday and inquired "whether the gentlemen got home safe last night," which, of course, meant five shillings and bottled stout.

Inconvenient enough abroad, this becomes positively shocking when I go into society. I do not lead my lady in to dinner; I lurch her in. When I offer her an ice or a cup of coffee my efforts to hold the article at a right distance from her hand generally end in sending the comestible over her dress.

If I think to put my elbow on the mantel-piece in a graceful attitude, I give my funny bone a nasty knock, with undignified results. When I think I will sit down on the causeuse, I either plump into somebody's lap or miss the causeuse altogether.

I am very fond, too, of billiards, and was no mean player before my Cure, but now I cannot make the simplest cannon. It has all to be learned over again. With the new centre of gravity I have to acquire an entirely new stroke. Such are a few of the trials which my Cure has brought me, and I can hardly be blamed for wanting to sue somebody.

The Next Century.—What will the discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century leave to the twentieth? Steamboats and railroads, ocean steamer navigation, clipper ships and screw propellers have been invented; the powers and mysteries of electricity have been developed to the uses of mankind.

Implements and machinery to enable farmers to master the tillage of thousands of acres with less toil than was required in the cultivation of the small farm of less than one hundred acres.

Lighting by gas was introduced, metal pens and friction matches were invented; aluminium was discovered; also chloroform, iridium, lithium, magnesium, palladium, potassium, quinine, rubidium, ruthenium, strontium, thallium, yttrium, and zirconium; daguerreotypes and photography, phonography, the stethoscope, the complete sewing machine, the bycycle, revolver and Gatling gun, and tremendous explosives used in quarrying, mining and gunnery.

The steam printing press was an invention of the early years of the century, now developed to the printing of many thousands of sheets per hour.

Electricity has been reduced and trained to the uses of mankind in every conceivable manner, and Edison has made its powers the wonder of the age. Franklin caught it, Morse reduced and utilized it to the uses of telegraphy, Field and his associates employed it, Puck-like, to cable continents and belt the world with instantaneous intercommunication.

Electric light and railways are among the wonders which are in common use. The phonograph and telephone are trained mysteries, which everybody uses. What will there be for the twentieth century to discover or invent?

During the performance of a play to a crowded theatre at Biella, Italy, one of the players behind the scenes though the saw tiny threads of smoke curling up from the floor of the stage. He called the stage manager's attention to it, who, on investigation, found that under the stage the place was on fire. The manager kept his self-control and returned to the stage, where one of the chief actors was about to appear. The manager whispered the situation to the actor, and asked the latter to feign sickness when he went out to act his part, and thus give an excuse for stopping the performance. The actor did as suggested. He went on the boards immediately and pretended to reel and then fell. The audience rose in sympathy and the stage manager rushing forward hurriedly said that, owing to the serious illness of the singer, the performance would have to close for that night. The doors were promptly thrown open and the audience was hurried out. Just as the last of the audience was leaving the flames began to burst through the stage, and, looking back, the people saw the real cause of their dismissal. The theatre was destroyed, but no lives were lost.

They are saying that a certain Walnut street young lady is in all ways "up to date." Recently a society man, who was supposed to have aspirations, not wholly hopeless, for her hand, while waiting for her to descend to the drawing-room, embraced the opportunity—and the pretty housemaid. The lady, entering at that moment, simply remarked: "I thought I told you, Mary, to receive your guests in the kitchen."

Scientific and Useful.

Ship Sheathing.—The proposal to sheath ships with copper coated with mercury is attracting attention. The idea is that such an arrangement would effectually prevent barnacles from adhering to the bottom of vessels.

An Electrical Acidmeter.—An electrical acidmeter, or instrument for measuring the amount of acid substance in liquids, has recently been perfected and is expected to come into extended use in refineries, breweries and similar places.

Zinc.—Zinc has the largest degree of expansion and contraction by changes in temperature of the common metals. Mercury expands and contracts more than any metal, and is therefore generally used in thermometers.

Bronze Alloy.—A silver bronze alloy of great tensile strength, designed as a substitute for German silver, is now being made in Germany. It is intended especially for rod, sheet and wire purposes, and is composed of a little more than two-thirds of copper, with certain proportions of manganese, aluminium, silicon and zinc.

To Transfer Engravings.—To transfer engravings to glass the latter should be first coated with copal varnish, then press on the picture, face downward, smoothly and tightly, and let it dry. Next damp the paper slightly, and rub it off with the finger, leaving the picture to be seen through the glass. With proper care very good effects will result.

Cotton.—A recent process for cleaning and restoring the quality of cotton damaged in harvesting, or by sea water, consists in placing the bales in a tank with low pressure steam, and subsequently forming a vacuum. The bleaching is the result of treating the material with a solution of permanganate of potash and afterward with dilute acid.

Farm and Garden.

Drains.—It will pay to drain if only a simple drain tile or a ditch is used to carry off water from damp ground, but it will pay better to drain properly.

Cost.—The main point is to keep down the cost. Extravagance is sometimes practiced in keeping stock that will not give a profit at any season of the year.

Hogs.—Do not begin to feed corn to hogs too soon. There will be some refuse yet, such as green weeds, grass, etc., which may be utilized. After the cold weather begins is the time to commence feeding corn. In the meantime all the waste material suitable for the purpose should be put to good use in the pig pen.

Wheels and Runners.—A correspondent wants some one to invent and construct a vehicle which shall "have wheels, and also a set of runners, and be furnished with a lever so placed and geared that, when the vehicle is moving over good solid snow it will go on the runners; but when a thin or bare spot is reached, the lever may be operated and the runners drawn up; and then the vehicle will go on the wheels.

Land Cleaning.—It is said that a Englishman has invented a new land-cleaning machine, the principle being to root up all weeds, etc., and pass at once through a double blast fire by means of a traveling engine. The frame is mounted on four traveling wheels. On the frame a small steam-engine is fixed. On the right side of the engine is a blower. On the left side of the engine is a brick hearth, fitted in an iron frame, which forms a fire retainer. In the front of the machine is a screen, and by a gradual incline leading up to the fire, the weeds, etc., are elevated to the fire retainer, which is kept up to a great heat by the blast from the blower. The weeds pass through the fire, and are deposited in the soil. The engine, which is said to be capable of cleaning four to eight acres per day, is from six to eight horse power, and with the machine, would require two men when in operation.

After War, Pestilence and Intemperance, Colds lead to the greatest destruction of human life, mainly in consequence of their being systemically neglected,—"left to go as they come,"—until a simple, curable affection is converted into a serious and generally fatal disease. It is better to take care of a Cough or Cold from its incipiency, by using promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a remedy thoroughly adapted to remove these complaints, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

GRANT graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

Disappointments.

Half the misery of human life consists in our making a wrong estimate of it, and in being disappointed when we find out our fault. We do not often begin it at the right end. We put a much higher figure in the sum than it will bear, and we cry like a schoolboy when the addition is wrong.

We take such very pleasant opinions of ourselves, our friends, and our surroundings, that we should never be surprised if our sons turned out generals, and our daughters married dukes; but we are greatly grieved when, as is always the case, the former are mere work-a-day people, and the latter marry mere commonplace tradesmen.

Our illusions commence in the cradle, and end only in the grave. We have all great expectations. Our ducks are ever to be geese, our geese swans, and we cannot bear the Truth when it comes upon us.

Hence our disappointments; hence Solomon cried out that all was vanity, that he had tried every thing, each beauty, each pleasure, and found it very empty. People, he writes, should be taught by my example; they cannot go beyond me—"What can he do that comes after the king?"

It is very doubtful whether to an untried or a young man the warnings of Solomon or the outpourings of that grieful prophet whose name now passes for a lamentation have done any good. Hope balances caution, and "springs eternal in the human breast."

The old man fails, but the young constantly fancies he shall succeed. "Solomon," he cries, "did not know every thing," but in a few years his own disappointments tell him how true the king's words are, and he cherishes the experience he has bought. But experience does not serve him in every case; it has been said that it is simply like the stern-lights of a ship, which lighten the path she has passed over, but not that which she is about to traverse.

To know oneself is the hardest lesson we can learn. Few of us ever realize our position; few see that they are like Bunyan's hero in the midst of Vanity Fair, and that all about them are snares, illusions, painted shows, real troubles and true miseries, many trials and few enjoyments.

A kindly consideration for others is the best method in the world to adopt to ease off your own troubles; and this consideration is to be cultivated very easily.

There is not one of the many who will take up this who is perfectly happy, and not one who does not fancy that he or she might be very much better off.

Perhaps ten out of every dozen have been disappointed in life. They are not precisely what they should be. The wise poor man, in spite of his wisdom, envies the rich fool; and the fool—if he has any appreciation—envies the wisdom of the other. One is too tall, the other is too short; ill health plagues a third, and a bad wife a fourth; and so on.

Yet there is not one of the sorrows or troubles that we have but might be reasoned away. The short man cannot add a cubit to his stature; but he may think, after all, that many great heroes have been short, and that it is the mind not the form that makes the man.

Napoleon the Great, who had high-heeled boots, and was learnt to walk and strut by an actor, once looked at a picture of Alexander, by David. "Ah!" said he, taking snuff with a pleased air, "Alexander was shorter than I." The hero last mentioned is he who cried because he had no more worlds to conquer, and who never thought of conquering himself.

But if Alexander were disappointed about another world, his courtiers were much more so because they were not Alexanders; but the world would not have cared for a surplus of them; one was enough.

Conquerors are very pleasant fellows, no doubt; and disappointed and sulky because they cannot gain more battles; but we poor frogs in the world are quite satisfied with one King Stork.

If we look at a disappointment as a lesson, we soon take the sting out of it. A spider will teach us that. He is watching for a fly, and away the nimble fellow goes. The spider upon this runs round his net to see whether there be any holes, and to mend them. When doing so, he comes upon an old body of one of his victims, and he commences again on it, with a pious ejaculation of "better luck next time."

So one of the greatest and wisest missionaries whom we have ever had tried, when a boy, to climb a tree. He fell plump down, and broke his leg. He laid on his bed, and went on crutches for six months, and at the end of it quietly set about climbing the tree again, and succeeded. He had, in truth, a reserve fund of good-humor and sound sense, saw where he failed, and conquered it. His disappointment was worth twenty dozen successes to him, and to the world too. It is a good rule, also, never to make too sure of anything, and never to put too high a price on it.

Happy are those who, in this world of trial, meet their disappointments in their youth, not in their old age; then, let them come and welcome; not too thick, to render us morose, but like spring mornings, frosty but kindly, the cold of which will kill the vermin, but will let the plant live; and let us rely upon it that the best men (and women too) are those who have been early disappointed.

THE perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellowmen can do little for him.

WHEN one eye is extinguished, the other becomes more keen; when one hand is cut off, the other becomes more powerful; so when our reason in human things is disturbed or destroyed, our view heavenward becomes more acute and perfect.

LIFE is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is a riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.

A MAN that only translates shall never be a poet; nor a painter that only copies; nor a swimmer that swims always with bladders: so people that trust wholly to others' charity, and without industry of their own, will always be poor.

ONE reason why we meet with so few people who are reasonable and agreeable in conversation is that there is scarcely any person who does not think more of what he has to say than of answering what is said to him.

THE belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, pure, and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

IT is a great blunder in the pursuit of happiness not to know when we have got it; that is, not to be content with a reasonable and possible measure of it.

GOOD temper is like a sunny day, it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

FRIENDS got without desert are apt to be lost without cause.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

TOTY.—Ladies are always greeted first in a mixed company.

JEWISH.—Yes, the Jews will accept proselytes, but they do not seek after them.

J. JONES.—The word unique has grown to be as much English as French from long use; it means without an equal, or alone.

DROWSINESS.—The Duke of Wellington's maxim was that "when a man turned in his bed, it was time for him to turn out of it."

POLLY TIMES.—Mary, from the Hebrew, means a drop of salt water, or a tear; Malvina is a name, though rarely used nowadays; it is from the Greek, and means languid.

CONTROVERSY.—Certainly there was a siege of Vienna; it was besieged by the Turks in the 1648. John Sobieski, then king of Poland, did the Austrians good service in repelling the enemy.

E. A.—Palm Sunday is sometimes called Fig Sunday, from the custom of eating figs on that day, as plum-pudding on Christmas Day, pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, salt codfish on Ash Wednesday, cross-buns on Good Friday, nuts on Hallow'en, and so on.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Soap can be made at home, but we doubt whether you would find the process profitable or agreeable in a large country house where wood is burnt and fat of all kinds is plentiful. It might be done, but in town it would be a messy and unsatisfactory operation, and you would find it as cheap to buy.

MAGGIE.—It is always customary for a lady to thank a gentleman who has escorted her home from an evening party. Indeed, the custom among people of refinement is invariably to return thanks for every little service that is extended. This courteous spirit does very much to relieve social life of the jars and misunderstandings which are apt occasionally to arise, and to preserve an harmonious feeling of good-fellowship.

A. C. H.—Whatever a woman is, or can make herself, intellectually should be so much capital added to the common stock. There ought to be no rivalry, no competition, no attempt to depreciate. Woman is ordained to be the helpmate of man. The more she can help him the better; but success in the endeavor to help him should never tempt her to set herself up as his superior. Women are naturally able to do many things better than men. That goes for nothing. There are excellent qualities which attain a much higher development in the lower animals than in man. Woman was made to stand before and help man. In the fulfilment of this purpose lies her merit and the secret of her true happiness.

K. C.—The so-called "death-watch" is caused by the busy work of a little spider. There is no significance in the sound. The spider is much addicted to getting into band-boxes or cabinets, or behind wainscot-panels. It is sometimes possible to smoke them out, but they run very fast. If the place is damp, or if any new furniture has been introduced, or old boxes or cabinets brought from a distance, this may be the cause of their appearance. Try to localize the noise by moving band-boxes, etc., and then fumigate or destroy the article which is infested. Nothing whatever of truth exists in the superstition. These creatures have no connection with death. They appear quite as often without a death as with one.

INDIGNANT.—You are evidently in the belief which is shared by many that a medical man is legally bound to attend a person in sickness when called upon to do so; in reality, as far as legal obligation goes, he is no more under compulsion than a grocer is to send provisions to an address when ordered of him by a stranger; there is, however, a well-understood rule of the profession which holds him bound to render his services when required, without regard to the quality of the applicant, and unquestionably he will render himself liable in damages should any harm result from his failing to attend when he has promised to do so, or from his desertion of a case after taking it in hand; he is then in the position of one who breaks a contract.

CHRISTIE.—The term "Bedlam" to which you refer is a popular corruption of Bethlehem, the name of a hospital for lunatics, in St. George's-fields, London. It was originally founded in 1246, by one of the sheriffs of London, named Simon Fitz-Mary, who intended it to be a monastery. Henry VIII., having suppressed religious houses, this particular one fell into the possession of the Corporation of London, and it was converted into an asylum for the insane, capable of accommodating fifty or sixty persons. In 1675 the original structure was torn down, and a new one, affording room for about one hundred and fifty patients, was erected in Moorfields. This, in turn, was again pulled down, and the inmates transferred to the present situation. In 1898, it was enlarged, and can now accommodate about three hundred and seventy, the building, with its grounds, covering an area of fourteen acres. In former times, the management of this institution was most deplorable, the patients being exhibited like wild beasts, at so much per head, and were subjected to the insults of the visitors. At one time the funds of the hospital were in such a very low condition, that partially convalescent patients, with badges affixed to their arms, and known as "Tom o' Bedlams," or "Bedlam Beggars," were turned out to wander and beg in the streets. This practice, however, was stopped about 1674 or 1675, and at the present day the hospital is in a flourishing condition.

REST.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods there be
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light;
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight;
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

Ismael.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

IN the environs of Rosetta, on the borders of the Nile, there lived an old tiller of the soil, or fellah, poor like all the rest of his class.

In Egypt the cultivator profits little by the prodigious fertility of the soil which he tills and waters with so much labor—what he gains is taken away by taxes.

War had deprived the peasant of his children, who had gone to bear arms in Arabia. He remained alone with his wife—too aged to work on the land—and an orphan boy named Ismael, whom he had taken into his service.

They lived in misery and sadness in one of those cabins half-buried in the earth, and built of the mud of the river, which resemble more the den of a wild beast than the abode of a human being.

On the roof, which was constructed of reeds and dry leaves, and broken in many places, slept a number of lean dogs: at the least noise they started up and barked ferociously.

What was there for these vigilant animals to guard?—A few rude utensils and half a dozen cracked pitchers: as for money, if the fellah possessed any, he hid it prudently in his mouth, as a monkey deposits provisions in the hollows of his cheeks.

Two or three acres, divided into squares for irrigation, comprised the whole of the farm.

Ismael drove the ox and camel which drew the plough guided by his master; he helped to raise water with the heavy leathern bucket from a ditch that bordered the field; he kept birds from the crops; he filled pitchers at the fountain for the use of the household; and in addition to all these rude labors, was half-starved and tormented into the bargain by the old couple whom poverty had rendered selfish and uncharitable.

The poor boy mourned in silence: he contrasted his monotonous and dreary condition with the life and movement on the distant river. He could see the tall sails as vessels passed up and down the stream, and at times a slow-moving caravan made its appearance on the desert.

The temptation was powerful on either hand—the desert and the Nile. Ismael chose the latter, and weary of his harsh servitude, turned his back one day on the fellah's inhospitable hut, and ran straight for the shore.

How great was his joy to find himself engaged as boy on board a canja, in motion on the sacred stream. The world appeared incredibly vast to his young eyes; and although he had not escaped all tyranny and hardship by his change of occupation, he had no longer to endure the humiliation of being flogged by a miserable old couple, but by a man who was obeyed by tall and robust sailors.

One day the vessel anchored off Fouah, an ancient city, on the right bank of the Nile, opposite to the Mahmoudieh Canal, much frequented by native boatmen, who purchase there stores of provisions and cordage: in the autumn months especially the quay is crowded with vessels.

The captain and all the crew went on shore leaving Ismael alone in the canja. It was a happy moment for the boy; he walked up and down the deck singing gaily: the captain's pipe fell in his way, he sat down and smoked, then lit a fire, and made preparations for breakfast, and chatted with the young mariners left in charge of neighboring boats.

While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by a crow pecking at the dates on the top of a tree which grew in the middle of the square.

A cluster of the fruit fell on the face of an Albanian soldier sleeping at the foot of the tree.

He woke suddenly, and looking angrily round caught sight of Ismael, who was unable to restrain his laughter at the accident.

The soldier drew a pistol from his belt, pulled the trigger, but the weapon hung fire.

The boy flew around the mast with the agility of a squirrel—the Albanian ran nearer and fired a second time. The bullet cut the rope that held up the yard; the heavy beam fell with a shock on the deck, overturning the boiler in which the breakfast was simmering in its descent.

Just then the captain and his sailors returned: quick as lightning Ismael gave one bound and leaped overboard.

He concealed himself in a vessel not far off, dreading alike the soldier and his master; the latter on seeing the mischief, broke out into a storm of wrath against the fugitive, who, more terrified than ever, crept stealthily from vessel to vessel until he reached the quay, when he took to flight at the top of his speed. The breeze freshened; sail after sail bore out along the Nile.

Poor Ismael! He who hoped to land at Cairo in three days and see the great city; now on foot, like a beggar, without a refuge, possessing for all fortune only a half-dozen piastres tied in the skirt of his tunic.

A few leagues above Fouah an abrupt point of land projects into the stream of the Nile, and when the waters are low, vessels are obliged to steer close to it to avoid the shallows, which there form a bar nearly the whole width of the river.

Not far off stands a small village inhabited by fellahs, to which Ismael came for an asylum after abandoning the boat.

Remembrance of the miseries he had endured as an agriculturist at first prevented his knocking at any other; at length seeing one open he entered, and was hired by the owner, a well-to-do laborer, as herd-boy: driving oxen to graze would at all events permit him to live in the open air.

The next day he went out with the cattle: a breeze ruffled the surface of the broad river. Vessels were going up to Cairo with pilgrims bound for Mecca; others, bearing a red flag marked with three crescents, were descending, laden with slaves captured in the upper regions of the Nile.

While looking at these unfortunate Nubians, Ismael felt himself less unhappy. "There are," he said, "people on earth more to be pitied than I."

As he spoke, his eyes fell upon a canja approaching the point. It was the one he had deserted the evening before.

Inspired by the hope of re-entering a service more to his taste than that of cattle-driver, he was about to hail the vessel when he saw a young girl come out of an adjacent thicket; she listened to the rush of the canja through the water, and ran singing along the shore.

The captain, without speaking, threw her a few coins tied up in a rag, and presently the sail was out of sight.

The little mendicant had stopped as she heard the mariner's gift fall on the earth; but although she searched the tufts of grass and lifted up the branches of trees that trailed on the earth, Ismael saw that she did not find her prize.

It appeared quite natural to him to help her; but she, as he approached, covered her face with her hands and ran to conceal herself under a bush.

Meantime the sun rose higher: the sands on the opposite shore glowed as a red-hot mirror: the oxen, forcing their way through the thick rushes, plunged into the water, leaving only dark muzzles above the surface.

The herdmen embrace these opportunities to sleep in the shade of the willows: Ismael had just closed his eyes, when the timid girl, leaving her hiding-place, walked softly towards him.

"Have you found the money?" he asked without changing his position. The maiden trembled, stopped short, and took a step backwards.

"Do I make you afraid?" he continued, rising from the ground. "What! you cannot see me?" And as she answered by a sign in the negative—"Poor little girl; you are blind. How can you venture so near to the river?"

"Oh," replied she somewhat reassured, "I am acquainted with this point and a hundred paces round about, and I can follow the path by myself that leads from here to the village."

"Shall I lead you into the shade?" rejoinded Ismel. "Don't stay there, the sand burns one's feet—come."

"No, no: when it is very hot I get a glimmering of a little light towards the sun, which gladdens me. And then I must wait for the boats: it is here that I meet those which sail up the stream.

"I hear the noise that they make in cutting through the stream, and I ask charity of the captain. Sometimes what they throw me falls among thorns, and I pass a long time in seeking it, and scratch my hands and legs; but God is great, and with patience I find it at last."

"Why did you hide when I came towards you this morning?"

"I thought some mischievous herd-boy of the neighborhood was coming to rob me," answered the girl. "The other beggars are jealous of me because this is a good one. Some children, too, play me bad tricks; they throw stones among the grass, and then cry: 'Search, Fatimah—search!'—and when they have made me grope about for half an hour, they run away laughing."

"I will take care of you," replied Ismael; and he made her sit down by his side.

Every day they met at the same place. Between these two children, close intimacy was soon established.

The little mendicant Fatimah, to whom the days passed in darkness and solitude had appeared long and wearisome, now found a sympathizing voice to answer to her own.

And who before had loved Ismael?—No one. The boy therefore attached himself to the sole being who did not cast him off in his abandonment.

Chance had thrown in his way a creature younger than himself, and whom he protected. Besides, he lent to the little blind girl the assistance of his eyes; he discovered the vessels far away, and told her of them, so that, certain of not missing them, she could sleep quietly under the bush where she had made her couch.

When the boatmen threw her a gift, she took pleasure in finding it for herself.

"Let me search, Ismael," she would say; "it is my delight, my own work. Is it not the only thing in the world that I can do."

During the heat of the day she often rested her head on the herd-boy's knees, and at times exclaimed joyfully:

"I see thee, Ismael: there, stand before the sun. Ah, I see a shadow: it is thee—it is thee!"

In the evenings, when the coolness from the Nile spread itself over the shores, and when the birds sang, she called to her companion, and putting her hand on his shoulder cried:

"Let us run, let us run! Lead me far, very far—farther than I have ever been before."

Gradually the sightless maiden, whose life had been passed in continual alarms, became less timid: her features, until then mournful, and contracted, were lit up with a ray of youthfulness, as a flower languishing in obscurity expands when touched by the light of the sun.

One day when Ismael was at a distance gathering rushes for basket-making, Fatimah heard voices speaking in a foreign tongue on a rapidly-approaching canja.

"Blessed be God!" she said, "who sends the Franks hither."

She sang her supplicatory chant, and presently heard the sound of copper coin falling on the bank. A warning-cry from the captain was heard as she ran to pick it up: unknown to her, a deep hollow had formed in the bank; she fell into it, and disappeared. Immediately the vessel's sails were furled, and a boat put off for the shore.

The captain impatient at the delay, said to one of the European passengers who accompanied him, as he looked down into the cavity:

"You see, venerable hakin, that she is not hurt. Let us go on before the breeze falls, and to-morrow, if it please God, we shall be at Cairo."

Without replying, the physician, to whom these words were addressed, took the little blind girl by the hand, and looking at her face attentively, said:

"Don't be afraid; tell me how old are you?"

"Fourteen years," answered Fatimah, much embarrassed.

"Have your eyes always been shut?"

"No; but they have been diseased for so long a time that I do not remember ever to have seen."

"Will you go with me to Cairo, and perhaps—I may cure you."

Great was Ismael's grief and consternation when the next day Fatimah and her mother went on board the canja. The good physician, observing his trouble, offered him a baksheesh as a consolation, but the lad refused the present, and stood with tearful eyes watching the vessel until its sails disappeared beyond a bend in the river.

For a few days he did little but walk along the paths that had been trodden by Fatimah; soon, however, the print of her feet disappeared.

He found the slender palm-stick which had belonged to her, and preserved it for her sake.

The time of the annual inundation come: nothing now attached him to the spot, and when the river re-entered its channel, he took leave of his master.

Where should he go? To Cairo first, because there were most chances of getting a living in a large city, and for another reason, which he but half avowed even to himself.

From the tranquil pastures on the shore of the Nile to the stir and noise of the capital was a great change. For some days after Ismael's arrival he wandered about at hazard.

Overcome with fatigue, he sat down in the shade of a group of sycamores in a spacious square. Close by, seated under the awning of a coffee-house, several Arab chiefs were chatting and smoking their long pipes. One said:

"Man's energy is above all the caprices of fortune. Live by the fatigue of thy arm and the sweat of thy forehead, and if thy courage fail, pray God for help."

A second spoke: "If the moon journeyed not, she would always remain a crescent. I will travel to the lands of the east and the west; I will gain fortune, or die far from my country."

"If dogs see a man in rags," added a third, "they bark at him, and grind their teeth; but when they see a rich man approach, they go towards him wagging their tails."

These sage and grave remarks forcibly impressed the mind of Ismael: he would have listened longer had not half a dozen youths, ass-drivers by profession, just then awoke, and began to talk of their affairs and adventures, while they played with the money they had already earned.

After regarding them some time in silence apprehension, Ismael ventured to accost them, and before the day closed he had paid his footing, and was admitted into the fraternity of ass-drivers.

He became speedily expert in his new occupation, and traversed the great city of Cairo in all directions.

But neither his busy employment nor its advantages could make him forget the quiet evenings when Fatimah ran by his side on the shore of the Nile.

When alone at night, he would bury his face in his hands and fancy that he heard the blind girl's voice as she sang in the exercise of her vocation. One consideration encouraged him: he remembered to practise the maxim of one of the three Arabs: "Live by the fatigue of thy arm and the sweat of thy forehead!"

One morning early, as he took his accustomed stand, a European mounted his ass without speaking, and directed his course towards the Christian quarter. Ismael walked by the side as usual, his hand resting on the animal's back.

The stranger looked at him from time to time, and presently the youth fancied he recognized the hakim who had taken away Fatimah.

As though to clear the way, he advanced to the donkey's head, and cast furtive glances at the rider's face: at length the physician—for it was he—recognised him in turn.

"Ah, ah!" he said to Ismael, "do you still refuse baksheesh when offered to you?"

The answer was a gesture that said: "Try, and you will see."

"You have already exercised many callings," returned the doctor. "Fatimah, who knows your history, has related it to me. You have a good heart, Ismael; courage, and God will aid you.'

Then seeing that the lad still questioned him with looks, he continued: 'My son, I am not a sanlom to cure the sick by prayers, nor a dervise with the gift of miracles. Fatimah does not see yet; the cure will be slow." Having said this he stopped at a door, which opened to give him entrance, and disappeared after paying Ismael generously.

Sometimes the young ass-driver went with customers to Old Cairo, where the sight of the numerous vessels lying in the port awoke all his former desire for a life on the water.

The recital of voyages which he heard at the doors of coffee-houses revived his wandering disposition. Ignorant and poor, Ismael gazed with admiration on the gaily-dressed merchants who talked of Bagdad, of Samarcand, of Ceylon, and Cashmere.

Fortune was to be found in those distant countries: but how to get there?—how take the first step in the path that led to riches? An opportunity presented itself.

A traveler who had missed a party proceeding to Bombay by the steamer, hired the donkey, promising to pay the value of the beast if he reached Suez in twenty-four hours: Ismael vouched for the animal's speed, and accepted the offer.

They set off, arrived at the port on the Red Sea just as the vessel was leaving, and in time for the stranger to get on board.

Ismael was exhausted by his forced march, and seeking a resting-place, slept long and soundly. When he awoke, his donkey was still stretched on the straw: the poor animal rose no more.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Ismael, "who has conducted me hither. Here is the route to the countries of which I have so often heard spoken: I shall follow it. I will come back with my girdle full of gold: I shall bind the white muslin turban on my head, throw a brown caftan over my shoulders, as the merchants of Cairo.

"Fatimah will be no longer blind! My voice will have changed; she will no longer know me, but I still have the palm-stick which she left behind her." Thereupon he went to find one of his companions who was going back to Cairo.

"Here," he said—"here is the price of my donkey; carry it to my master. Farewell! A dog that runs finds a living. I shall return some day, if it please God."

Several years passed away. Ismael had not forgotten the mysterious words which he had heard at Cairo: "I will travel to the lands of the East and the West; I will gain fortune, or die far from my country."

At first he navigated the Red Sea; then passing the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, he voyaged far across the wondrous Indian Ocean. He was no longer a timid ass-driver, the sport of fortune; but an active, resolute, and hardy mariner.

He had learned to read—an acquirement which placed him above more than one pacha; and his skill in navigation, though not very extensive, had obtained for him among the Mussulmans the title and rank of nakoda or captain.

An Egyptian, Ismael was economical—what we should call miserly: the Orientals are all so, at first from inclination, and at last by habit. As they live in a manner more retired than is customary in Europe, they take pleasure in concealing their treasures in their houses, to hold their fortune under their hand.

Besides, who would not endeavor to appear poor in a country where riches awakens so easily the cupidity of a pacha, an agha, or a bey. Ismael, faithful to the habitudes of his race, held his head none the higher for his having amassed a good round sum.

If he foresaw the day when he would no longer need to sail the seas, he was careful not to speak of it to any one. Perhaps, also, like the gamester who hesitates to quit the cards while the favorable vein continues, he put off involuntarily the period of his retirement.

Be this as it may, five years after his departure from Cairo, the vessel under his command, a large bagalow, lay at anchor in the road of Mocha.

He had taken in a cargo of coffee: as soon as the last bags were on board, Ismael went on shore to complete his business with the Persian and Arab merchants before sailing for India.

After he had traversed the bazars, exchanging here a few words of farewell, receiving there a letter which he placed in his turban—the mail-bag of the nakoda—he went to the place, outside of the walls, where the caravans encamp that come from the interior.

Here he sat down under the shade of an acacia, and smoked his pipe in tranquil enjoyment. While thus engaged a merchant of his acquaintance approached.

"What news from the mountains of Senna?" asked Ismael. "Have the caravans been plundered?"

"My camels have arrived in safety, Allah be thanked!" answered the other. "The country is secure now—not so the city;" and leaning towards the nakoda he whispered:

"You remember those beautiful pearls of Ceylon which I hid in my collar—those rare pearls that I hoped to sell at Constantinople: some one has stolen them."

"Yonder are a dozen rascals," replied Ismael with a glance towards the guard of soldiers who were stretched in the shade. "I don't like those Turks there."

"Their chief, Ali Agha, is one of my friends," rejoined the merchant: "a good fellow—no pride in him; he has borrowed some money of me. He has promised to seek the robber. I had offered a reward of a thousand sequins to stimulate his zeal: it is not the tenth of what they are worth. Do you know this Ali Agha?"

"No: and he has taken upon himself to go after the thief?"

"He went at once, yesterday, to arrest some of his men who deserted with arms and baggage; and, as I believe, with my poor pearls also."

Thereupon the two friends separated. With the next evening's breeze Ismael left his anchorage, and at daylight the next morning had passed the Straits.

Shortly after, while pacing the deck, he was a little surprised to see a stranger at the head of the vessel whom he did not remember to have taken on board.

The unknown was dressed, after the fashion of a Mussulman of India, in short and wide trousers, a white cloak looped at the left side, and instead of a turban, a pointed leathern cap, which left his long ears freely exposed.

To the questions put to him by the nakoda, he answered with much humility; declaring himself to be a poor Hindoo pilgrim returning from Mecca, and having crept on board secretly the night before, had concealed himself under hatches to escape being sent on shore.

"In the name of Allah, clement and merciful," he added, "I entreat your charity. A pilgrim takes up but little room, and brings good fortune to all who shew him hospitality on sea as on land."

The sailors, whom he had bribed to admit him on board, appeared much edified with his words. Ismael on his part saw no great inconvenience in leaving the poor wretch, vagabond or pilgrim, to dispose himself in some corner of the deck.

Besides, the presence of such strangers embarked clandestinely in Arabian or Persian ships is an incident of common occurrence: and the crew freely share their food with one whom they consider as the guest of Providence.

During some days the pilgrim, incommoded doubtless by the rolling of the sea, to which he appeared little accustomed, remained crouching in the prow.

Sitting cross-legged on his mat, he passed between his fingers the amber beads of his rosary, reciting with compunction the innumerable names of Allah. The sailors gave him fruit and pieces of nougat, made of honey and camels' milk, and at times Ismael presented to him a pipe and cogee. Little by little the pilgrim ate with better appetite; he shook off his torpor; and as one who needs exercise, took his turn at pacing the deck.

His manner became more and more confident; he held himself erect, his head up, his hands behind his back; so that at length Ismael began to find that for a Hindoo his deportment was somewhat military. This led him to regard the stranger with a certain degree of attention, but without betraying any distrust.

One day the nakoda having cleaned the rust from his pistols, left them lying, as if by chance, on the capstan, and withdrew to the other end of the vessel. Presently the pilgrim crept up, and taking the weapons with a sure hand, pulled the triggers, and held them out as though taking aim at an enemy.

"There is a hadji who handles a pistol better than his beads," said Ismael to himself: "a Hindoo born nearer Smyrna than Madras. I have seen that man somewhere with a turban on his head and pistols in hand as just now! He is a Turk who has changed his skin."

The vessel meantime was making good way over the Indian Sea: the hadji described to the crew what he had seen at Mecca and Medina, and consoled them for the severity of their labors or for punishment inflicted by the nakoda.

By and by the Arab officers complained to Ismael that the pilgrim's histories made the crew forget their duty: the commander resolved to watch more closely, and concealed himself one evening near the forepart of the vessel.

The Nubian crew, as usual, formed a circle round the pilgrim. "My children," said the latter, "yours is a hard life. You are well flogged, ill paid"——

"And ill fed," interrupted an athletic negro afflicted with one of those formidable appetites which nothing can satisfy.

"God is great!" continued the wanderer: "he can grant to you treasures which are buried in the bowels of the earth or at the bottom of the ocean! I know a country where you find sequins in abundance, where you fish pearls by handfuls'—the crew listened open-mouthed—"where you can live happy without work under the shade of fig-trees."

"Is it far to that paradise?" asked several voices.

"Not so far as to Mohammed's paradise," replied the pilgrim; "and I could lead you there—if I commanded you"——

He ceased speaking—Ismael had heard enough to enable him to guess at the designs of his passenger: it was a question of carrying off the ship, an event which could not well take place without getting rid of the captain.

He determined to provoke the explosion of the plot before it was fully matured; and having carefully placed all the arms on board out of reach of the blacks, he warned his Arab officers to hold themselves on their guard.

He then made his crew work incessantly for one whole day and gave them nothing to eat: their resentment was soon manifested. As the sun went down, the high mountains near Bombay became visible in the east—the hadji pointed them out to the discontented Nubians.

"That is not the land," he said, "to which I should conduct you if I were your captain. Will you longer obey a man who makes you die of hunger, and who to-morrow will have you flogged and thrown into prison on that shore yonder?"

"Silence there!" called Ismael in a firm voice: "clear away the anchors."

"Give us our suppers!" growled the sailors, held in awe by the calm attitude of the nakoda.

"Clear away the anchors!" he repeated.

"Overboard with him, the nakoda with his Arabs!" whispered the hadji behind the crew, at the same time drawing a pair of Turkish pistols from beneath his dress.

Excited by the pilgrim's words, which fanned their anger, the Nubians uttered savage cries, but no one dared approach the captain.

"Cowards!" murmured their instigator, "throw him overboard, and the ship will be ours with all that is in it!" and speaking thus, he advanced as though to put himself at their head.

This movement hurried on one or two; and the most daring, brandishing an oar, rushed furiously towards the stern.

Ismael stopped his career with a pistol-shot, and rushed on the pilgrim. His Arabs aided him; and the leader of the plot seeing himself abandoned by the negroes, retreated.

Leaning against the bulwark, he held the muzzles of his pistols downwards, while the blacks, in consternation at the death of their comrade, fell on their knees and prayed for pardon.

"Hadji," cried Ismael, "down with your arms or you are a dead man!"

The pistols falls on the deck.

"You are a liar and a traitor, Hadji!" continued the nakoda. "I saw you once before at Fouah, and you turned those pistols against me. You were a soldier then, and you fired! The little poor ship-boy of Fouah now holds you in turn under his feet."

"Pardon!" cried the now detected Turk—"pardon, and I will pay a generous ransom!"

"Lie not!" said Ismael, taking aim at the imposter.

"By the Prophet! I speak truth. Below, in the hold, there is a bundle which contains my military dress. In the girdle—I lie not—seek carefully, and you will find four large pearls!"

"Of Ceylon, are they not?"

"Yes, on my head—pearls of Ceylon, and of great price."

"Which you stole, thief!"

"Which I found," stammered the hadji.

"You lie!" exclaimed Ismael furiously: "you stole them from an Egyptian merchant who had lent you money. Your name is Ali Agha: you stole them."

The Turk let fall his head on the bulwark, as one who expects a death-stroke.

"Children," said Ismael to his sailors, "clear away the anchors."

This time they obeyed without opposition.

"Now throw overboard the body of the mutineer whose blood stains the deck, and put the Turk in irons."

Two days afterwards the vessel was anchored at Bombay: Ismael put his prisoner on shore, and set him at liberty.

"Go," he said, "whither you will. You are in a country where the Franks govern: they hang thieves, murderers, and traitors—so take care of yourself. Go."

For himself, he sold his bagalow and returned to Mocha in a foreign vessel. After what had occurred he no longer dared to trust his person and fortune to his negro crew.

On arriving he went to see his friend the merchant.

"Well," he asked," did you catch your thief?"

"Alas! no," was the mournful reply.

"Ali Agha, that good fellow—no pride in him—missed him then?" Seeing that the merchant made no reply Ismael continued: "Look, I have been luckier than he. Here are four pearls which chance threw in my way, if they might but replace those you lost?"

The Egyptian examined them with an eye as well experienced as that of a shepherd who recognizes any individual sheep among a thousand: presently he handed to the nakoda the thousand sequins promised to the finder.

"Thanks," said Ismael. "I have well earned the reward: but all is well that ends well. I now take leave of the sea and return to the banks of the Nile."

At last Ismael possessed the three things so ardently desired—the turban of white muslin, the brown caftan, and the girdle filled with sequins; and more, he had the satisfaction of owing them to his labor, his perseverance, and courage.

It happened that the ass on which he rode from Suez to Cairo was conducted by the very same driver who had admitted him to the fraternity of donkey-boys at Cairo some years before. It did not appear that the fellah had made his fortune.

The nakoda having recognized him, said with kindness:

"My friend, are you not quite tired of trotting over the sand behind your beast for so many years?"

"It's my business," was the answer.

"There are others, and better. Will you follow me? I am going to Rosetta to buy a boat: you shall sail with me."

"Ouah," replied the donkey-driver, "I like better my present life. Am I not free as the air? No cares, no money to hide; I spend it as fast as it comes, for fear of robbers. When I am tired, what hinders me from sleeping in the shade, under the porch of a mosque? Let them navigate who like, I shall remain ass-driver."

"At your pleasure, my friend," returned Ismael; and he recalled the time when the unconcerned fellah appeared to him an important personage.

The adventures of his childhood and youth came back still more vividly to his memory as he advanced on his journey.

Erelong he arrived on the heights from whence the whole of Cairo may be seen stretching far beneath the lofty citadel, the Nile winding along beyond the reach of sight, now encroached upon by the sands, now bordered by luxuriant gardens, and at the horizon the Pyramids resembling three gigantic tents placed at the entrance of the desert.

This magnificent spectacle evokes cries of admiration and tears of joy from the pilgrims returning from Arabia; it made Ismael's heart leap—he came from a greater distance.

When he entered the city, how miserable the porters and water-carriers appeared to him, as they toiled along in the dust with naked legs and upturned sleeves.

Yet at one time he shared the lot of these same people, and had even envied their condition on his arrival in the great city, when he knew not on what stone to rest his head.

A number of blind beggars asked charity of him—they are to be counted by thousands in the capital of Egypt—and he bestowed his alms with emotion.

Every time that a woman deprived of sight approached him he trembled, fearing to recognize Fatimah, the little blind girl of the bank of the Nile.

The day after his return to Cairo, Ismael sought out the residence of the European physician: the worthy doctor having prospered in his affairs, now occupied a handsome house in the quarter of the Copts, between a court where a fountain tinkled, and a garden planted with vines and fig-trees.

On knocking at the door the nakoda shivered with emotion, and when the servant came to open, it was with much trouble he stammered a few words.

"Who is it?" said the physician: "let him come in;" and entering the court he saw Ismael standing with his hand raised to his forehead: he bowed respectfully, as a client approaching his patron.

"Excellent hakin," he said, "protector of the poor, comforter of those who suffer, may your good-fortune increase from day to day—may the light of your prosperity remain always brilliant"——

"Well?" interrupted the doctor.

"Your excellency does not remember me?" asked Ismael in confusion.

"No. Of what illness did I cure you?"

"It is not me whom you tended, but a little blind girl"——

"Fatimah!" broke in the physician, raising his eyes to the other. "In this case you are Ismael—the ship-boy, the herd-boy, the donkey-boy—and what besides?"

"Nakoda!" rejoined Ismael. "I have navigated the Indian Seas."

"And have made a fortune there? Delighted to see you! Sit down, nakoda!"

The doctor clapped his hands, and or-

dered pipes and coffee; the infidel and the true believer placed themselves side by side upon a divan near a window looking into the garden.

Several children were playing in the shade, under the care of a young girl, dressed in the graceful eastern costume worn by women in-doors.

A white muslin scarf was wrapped round her head, and covered her neck; her waist was enclosed within a small vest of Turkish cloth, and from beneath her tunic descended large embroidered pantaloons that fell to her feet. She was singing in a low voice while gathering grapes and figs.

While they sat smoking, the physician questioned Ismael upon his travels; and the nakoda, too good a Mussulman to look about with curious or indiscreet eyes, answered the inquiries with much gravity.

He also had questions to put, but hardly knew not how to begin; and then, if Fatimah were really cured, the doctor would have said so doubtless on first recognizing him.

"And so, my friend," resumed the physician after a moment's silence, and as if desirous to prolong the conversation, "God has rewarded you. Did I not predict it For my part, also, I have succeeded well at Cairo—have effected some happy cures. You see, Ismael, I have a good house and a garden."

Speaking thus he drew the nakoda towards the window. The young girl was still singing under the fig-trees; the tones of her voice sent a thrill through the mariner's veins.

Seeing their father at the open sash, the children ran and offered fruit to him and to Ismael; but the latter, standing motionless, his eyes fixed, was trying to discover the features which the maiden, as soon as she saw him, concealed beneath her veil.

He looked at her earnestly for several minutes, as sailors endeavor to distinguish land when shrouded by floating mist and cloud; then suddenly he called her by name—"Fatimah!" and threw away into the garden the palm-stick which he held in his hand.

On hearing the voice the young girl raised her head; then stooping, she picked up the flexible branch with trembling fingers, and as if convulsed by the remembrance brought back by the forgotten object, she burst into tears.

"God is great!" cried Ismael; "she weeps on meeting me again, as she did in parting from me."

"I scarcely think it is from grief," replied the doctor. "Recollect thus you yourself looked rather gloomily at me when I took her away; and now I in turn have to find fault with you, for you are going to take away the friend of my children. The care which I bestowed on her during her illness she has repaid to me in her love for them. We are clear. You may take her. If I have put your patience to the proof, it was that on seeing you enter I knew you had come to demand her from me."

Ismael purchased a vessel at Rosetta, which he commands himself as captain. It is a fine canja with two masts, manned by ten Arab sailors, and a boy who has the good-fortune to be rarely flogged.

At the point where Fatimah formerly took her station there is still a little blind mendicant, and there always will be one, for the place is excellent. Wherever alms are habitually given, there will be no lack of a person to take them.

Fatimah's mother having desired to return to the village, Ismael had a house built for the old woman, where she lives very happily. Like many of the women of her country, she believes that the Frankish physician is a wizard, and that all Europeans are doctors.

Notwithstanding the great love he bears to Fatimah, even since she has become his wife, Ismael continues to navigate: was not the Nile his first passion.

On his arrival at Rosetta, he had the curiosity to go see the cabin of the fellah whom he had served in his childhood.

The aged couple were doubtless dead, for he found them no more. The roof of the hut had fallen in, and the only inhabitant that remained was the cat, reduced to leanness, and half savage. As for the dogs, they roamed about the neighborhood hungrier than ever.

However, instead of barking as formerly when they saw Ismael, they appeared to solicit his protection, which reminded the fellah, now grown rich, of the saying of one of the three Arab chiefs in the great square at Cairo:

"If dogs see a man in rags, they bark at him and grind their teeth; but when they see a rich man approach, they go towards him wagging their tails."

WE have heard of but one old woman that "kissed her cow," but there are thousands of young ones that kiss great calves

ABOUT VENTRILOQUISM.

Ventriloquism is not a gift; it depends in a great measure on the histrionic ability of the student as to whether he will succeed in making a mark or not, but it is nevertheless true that any one possessing a certain amount of perseverance and zeal can become to a certain extent an exponent of the fascinating art, causing their friends to wonder at the number of voices within them.

Those so endowed are able, if they seize the opportunity, to cause considerable amusement or annoyance to their fellows, but not to the extent that a great many people believe.

Now as to the meaning of the word ventriloquism. It is derived from the Latin roots venter, the belly, and loquor, to speak; but belly-speaking is certainly a misnomer, and leads many people to imagine that the voices are produced from that portion of the body.

That is not so, the ventriloquial voice being formed purely and simply in the throat; the muscles of the stomach only being requisitioned to give sufficient strength or power to the voice.

Ventriloquism may be classed under three heads: Ventriloquism proper, Colloquism, and Polyphonism. Under the first of these heads comes the distant voice—that is, imitation of sounds as they appear when heard from a distance and in various places and directions. The man-up-the-chimney, on-the-roof, and down-the-cellar, illusions which nearly every one has had an opportunity of hearing, are the outcomes of the voice.

Again, there the street cries, in which the performer has a miniature drawing-room window, and gives imitations of varied and humorous well known street cries, heard first a very long way off; then gradually the man is heard coming nearer and nearer, passing the window, and going slowly away again in the distance. The window being made to open and close makes the illusion perfect.

Colloquism consists of the imitation of various human voices; for instance, it is usual for most ventriloquists to introduce comical, life-size, talking automata, the heads of which are made of papier-mache, the interiors being fitted with springs and cords, by the aid of which the performer controls the mouth, eyes, hair, etc., of his talking family—the mouths of which being made to move at the same time as the words are uttered by the performer, and, owing to the uncertainty of the direction from which sounds emanate, and which—by the way, is the true secret of all ventriloquial illusions—the voice really appears to proceed from the figures.

Polyphonism or mimicry is the imitation of cattle, sheep, sawing, pleuing, etc. This branch in ventriloquism is rather difficult to acquire, although there are numerous sounds that can be copied without any particular gift.

A great many persons are excellent mimics without being ventriloquists, for in nearly every school can doubtless be found a youth who amuses his fellows in the playground corner with crowing and cackling.

A few practical hints as to the modes of procedure to be followed by would-be learners may not be out of place here, although half-a-dozen lessons from a good professional would do infinitely more for them than all the books that have ever been written upon the subject, and which, by the way, are usually a mass of theoretical phraseology.

Before any attempt is made with the voice, the student must be prepared to devote some time and attention to the breath, which he must get entirely under control, so as to be able to hold it for a considerable time without straining.

This, of course, must be a gradual process. Before commencing to practise, a strong inspiration should be taken, as the lungs require to be furnished with a plentiful supply of air, which has to be well controlled and allowed to escape gradually.

He must endeavor to breathe through his nose and keep his mouth shut. This is a hint which would be as well for every one to remember, and escape so a great deal of cold-catching and illness.

The learner must study at all times to imitate sounds, not as they are heard at their source, but as they fall upon the ear after traveling from a distance. That is the golden rule of ventriloquism; and if it is continually kept in mind, success is certain. As conjurers endeavor to deceive the eye, so ventriloquists try to deceive the ear.

The 'distant voice' originates at that spot in the throat where the 'cluck' take place when drinking; so, without any facial contortions or movement of the lips, the words must be forced against the back part of the palate one by one, with a series of short quick breaths, at the same time strengthening the sounds by using the muscles of the stomach, which will reach the audience clear and distinct. The farther off the sound is supposed to be, the smaller the quantity of breath must be expired.

The great fault with beginners is straining after effect. No sooner do they make a little headway and begin to feel their feet, than they want to run, a proceeding which will bring their endeavors to a dismal failure. In conclusion, we would warn the student against getting discouraged.

STALE BREAD.—There are so many ways to utilise stale bread that it seems a wonder so much is wasted in many households. We see it thrown away, or left to mould by many an economical servant, who would gladly use it if she only "knew what to do with it." It makes delicious cakes when soaked in cold water. Three small slices, with water enough to cover them, would be sufficient, when the milk and flour are added, to make nearly two quarts of batter.

Some cooks prefer to put in one egg, while others like them fully as well without. When the bread is soaked soft, make it fine with a spoon, add the milk and sufficient flour to stiffen enough so that the cakes can be easily turned.

If sour milk is used, add to the batter one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved in a little water, and one even teaspoonful of soda. This is a good plan to follow in all uses of sour milk, as it seldom contains enough acid to entirely counteract the soda.

Of course, when only a small quantity of sour milk is used, twice as much cream of tartar as soda should be taken, for when the milk is entirely sweet the proportions are three even teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar to one of soda.

French toast is always a favorite dish with children and most grown people, and can be made of thin slices cut from a stale loaf, and moistened in milk and egg—two eggs to a pint of milk—and then fried with a mixture of butter and lard or butter and beef dripping. It is eaten with sugar or syrup.

All may not know that pieces of bread not too hard may be made into a resemblance to turkey-dressing. Cut your bread into dice, and if you have a quantity of gravy from which fat can be taken, left from any kind of roast—though a piece of butter will do just as well—thoroughly grease the bottom of a dish; put in the bread, with some little chunks of butter and plenty of seasoning; then pour enough boiling water on it to moisten it; cover tightly, and in a moment it will steam through and you can stir it, and either brown a little or have it moist like dressing. I should be eaten with gravy over it, and is a good substitute for potatoes.

The little, dry, hard pieces and crusts which always accumulate, can be put on a tin in an oven that is just hot enough to dry and make them a light brown, then roll them fine, put away in tight jars, and use for frying fish, etc.

THE TEST OF CHARACTER.—An umbrella, it is said, can be taken as a test of character. The man who always takes an umbrella out with him is a cautious fellow, who abstains from all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him is one generally who makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street-door open when he goes home late at night, and is absent to such a degree as to speak ill off a baby in the presence of its mother. The man who is always losing his is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are coming off, whose change is sure to have some bad money in it. Be cautious how you lend a hundred dollars to such a man. The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of uneasiness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, give not your daughter to him; he will undoubtedly take more care of his umbrella than of his wife.

[illegible] FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A town meeting was held in Naugatuck, Connecticut, on Wednesday, and Patrick Curron, a resident of that town, moved that in future all tramps that received lodgings in the town jail be furnished with a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee when they applied for lodgings, and the same before they left in the morning. The motion was carried and the contract to furnish the bread and coffee was awarded to a hotel proprietor.

The following queer letter, it is said, was received by the Treasurer of the World's Fair several days ago, from a man who lives in a small town in Pennsylvania: "I saw and advertisement in the practicle farmer money for sal send me practicals if chep anuff I want 500 hundred dollars what is the lest 200 hundred dollars cost of the 50 cent peces I would like to have 500 hundred dollars of green goods if you no of any company that handles giv them my nam an adres I want to get in to som thin thats some mony in."

An elderly lady in a modest manner leaned over the counter of a West End drug store, says a Baltimore paper, and, pointing to a letter with a Columbian stamp, asked: "Will you please tell me if those stamps are good for just common use?" When assured that they were so intended, she bowed politely and remarked as she left: "I didn't know; I thought they were to be used, perhaps, for etiquette." "I have to answer that same question 10 times a day," said the clerk "but I wonder what she meant by etiquette?"

The habit of turning up the trousers an inch or two at the ankle has become almost second nature among the members of a certain class of Anglo maniacs in this city. The condition of the weather makes no difference with them. One young man of unmistakable English bearing attracted an unusual amount of attention to himself at a reception in one of the Fifth avenue palaces the other night by appearing on the floor of the ball room with his well-pressed black trousers turned up snugly around his ankles. He subsequently explained that he had turned them up from force of habit, and had forgotten to turn them down before descending from the dressing room.

The bark Uladye on a recently finished voyage from Iquique to Hamburg passed a large iceberg in 48° south 32° west on which were the dead bodies of five people. A very plainly marked beaten track was noticed on the northwest side of the berg and a rude shelter, apparently built in the ice. One of the bodies lay just outside the shelter and another in the pathway leading to it. No signs of life could be seen, and, night coming on and the plans densely packed with bergs, the Uladye could make no investigation. The impression was that the dead bodies were those of shipwrecked people whose vessel had probably been sunk by contact with the berg, who had chambered on to it for safety and died from exposure and want.

The German savant is eminently practical when it comes to beer, and as soon as the cholera assumed noteworthy proportions in Europe he set about determining the duration of life of the bacillus in his—the savant's—pet beverage. He found that the bacillus does not live beyond three hours in Pilsener, Patzenhofer or Munich beer; two hours in Berlin white beer; five minutes in white and fifteen in red wine, and twenty minutes in cider. Two hours in cold coffee decoction (six per cent.) was too much for the bacillus; but it needed five hours of a rye-and-chicory imitation to kill it. In milk which had been boiled for an hour the bacilli lived for nine days, but the tenth brought them to the end of their career. Cold tea was much the same—i. e., a one per cent. brew, but a two per cent. tea cleared the field in four days, three per cent. in one day and four per cent. in an hour. The bacilli were most partial to cocoa. They did not appear to die off in that at all.

"You would scarcely take my daughter—Baby, we call her—to be twenty-one years old, would you?" said a fond mother, speaking of her spinster-looking child. "No, indeed, I should not," was the reply. "So every one says. But how old would you have imagined her?" "Oh, I don't know exactly, though if I had been guessing her age, I should have said she was about thirty-three and a half, or may be three-quarters. One can't always tell within a month or two, you know."

Our Young Folks.

ROBERTA'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ELLIS WALTON.

CONSIDERING, as her music-mistress said, that Roberta had learnt music two years now, it was quite certain that she ought to have played better. Yes, there was no denying that fact.

It was evident that by this time she ought to have been able to turn her thumb under in the scales without making a break.

It was also clear that she ought not to jumple up the quavers and the semi-quavers together in the way she did; or go tearing on when a rest was marked as black as ink could make it.

"I like music, real music," said Roberta to the music-stool; "but I can't bear practising," and then, instead of counting, she began to sing some lines she had once read in a book:—

"Rum-tum tiddy iddy; Rum-tum-ti,
Bang on the low notes and twiddle on the high.
Practising is good for a good little girl;
It makes her nose straight and it makes her hair curl."

"It makes her hair straight, and it makes her nose curl," corrected a voice, "My dear, how you do thump! Excuse my interrupting you, but really you shake the house so that the baby keeps tumbling out of the cradle."

Roberta stared in amazement; for the top of the piano was pushed open, and the head of a queer-looking old lady peered over the edge.

"You don't live down there, do you?" cried Roberta in an awestruck tone; "however can you?"

"Come and see for yourself," replied the old lady invitingly. "I am Dame Musica, and it does people good to pay me a visit now and then; it puts them in tune."

"I wish it made their hair curl; mine is so straight," said Roberta dreamily; and then she found herself perched on the top of the piano.

"Come along, and you needn't shake," said Dame Musica, giving her a smart tap with her stick. "There's nothing to be alarmed at, and you can rest at the bottom."

Crescendo! Presto!! Prestissimo!!!

Roberta caught her breath, for they began to slide downwards at a terrific pace.

"Mother will wonder where I am," she thought; "and I am sure she will never think of looking inside the piano for me. Of course I shall count all this in my practising time."

This idea gave so much satisfaction to the little girl that she quite forgot to be afraid; but she did wonder how it was they did not get entangled among the wires, or knock their heads against the hammers inside the piano.

"Now, can you climb fences?" cried Dame Musica suddenly, and Roberta awoke to the fact that they had reached the bottom, and that their way was stopped by a five-barred gate.

The old lady hopped over it as lightly as a bird, and called back to Roberta—

"If you can't manage the rails, child, there are plenty of spaces to slip through."

Roberta preferred to climb, and fell flat on her face, on the other side of the gate. "Another time, mind your fingering," said Dame Musica, as the little girl picked herself up.

"I suppose you mean my footing," returned Roberta, rather ruffled by this accident.

"I am a person," responded the old lady, "who always says exactly what she means. But welcome to my palace, my dear; take a seat and you shall be introduced to my subjects."

Roberta sat down obediently upon one of the many music-stools, which seemed to be the only species of seat allowed in the palace.

She could not help fancying that some of the subjects must be continually running up and down stairs; for the most dreadful racket was going on outside.

Afterwards she learnt that it was the little Demisemiquavers, who were obliged to do it to keep themselves in training.

Roberta had very soon a crowd around her.

"I am the Marquis Minim," observed one gentleman with a pleasant open countenance. "As a general rule, people stop when they meet me, and count two as a mark of respect. I regret to say that you"—fixing a reproachful eye upon Roberta, who blushed—"often omit that ceremony."

"I'm very sorry; I'll count ten next time, if you like," said she hastily.

"Don't you understand that I only want my due?" cried the Marquis, in a tone of horror; and then he added in a whisper—

"Whatever you do, don't let Time catch you down here; your life wouldn't be worth a semiquaver rest!"

"We are the Misses Quaver," broke in a chorus of shrill little voices, and Roberta got up and curtsied to four young ladies with very black heads of hair, who put their arms akimbo and stood in a row.

They were very friendly, however, and invited Roberta to come and hear some of the family practising.

She did not like to refuse, and they took her into a great hall where hundreds of ladies and gentlemen were assembled.

Dame Musica was sitting on a raised platform, with a roll of music in her hand, which she waved to and fro.

Roberta thought it was a very odd concert; for all that the singers did was to keep jumping up in their places and shouting "Here."

Nobody sang more than one note; after which he sat down again, looking mightily pleased with his own performance.

But some of them had very squeaky voices, and when they squeaked extra badly, Dame Musica frowned.

"How do you like it?" inquired a Crotchet, who was sitting next to Roberta.

"Not at all, thank you," answered that young lady, with more truth than politeness; "I think it's dreadful, but then I never could bear practising."

The Crotchet, although he was naturally so black, turned crimson with indignation.

"What!" he shouted, "you mean to insult us, do you? you—you—you Piano Thumper!"

Whereupon all the other singers jumped up too, and stamped, and screamed, and rushed toward Roberta, who felt very much alarmed.

Without stopping to explain or apologise, she made a dash for the door, knocking a row of little Demisemiquavers completely over.

On she ran, but still she heard shouts behind her; and some of them were not precisely complimentary, as for example:

"Who couldn't play her scales?" "Who didn't know a crochet from a quaver?" "Who cried over her piece, because it had two flats?"

"However am I going to get out of this dreadful place," thought Roberta; "let me see, which way did we come down?

'Rum-tum-tiddy-iddy; rum-tum-ti;
Bang on the low notes and twiddle on the high.
Well, I never——"

It certainly was surprising, but perhaps Roberta's favorite jingle was a charm, for she had not come to the end of it before she found herself sitting on the music-stool in front of the schoolroom piano.

"I suppose," said Roberta, "I had better go on practising! Rum-tum-tiddy—no, I mean—One—two—three—four."

REBELLIOUS CHILDREN.

There comes a time in the life of every little child when it hoists with its tiny hand the rebel flag of defiance to authority. You may choose not to see it, and fancy you will have no further trouble.

You may hug to your heart all its sweet cunning ways, and say—after all, what does it matter? it is but a child; it knows no better; it will outgrow all that; it is best not to notice it; and such like sophistries.

I say you may try in this way to dodge a question that must, at some or other, be met fair and square; and you may persuade yourself that while you are thus loving your own ease you are loving your child; but both it and you will at some future day see the terrible mistake.

"Oh, why did my father, or my mother, let me do so and so?" has been the anguished cry of many ashame-stricken man whose parents reasoned after this manner.

Now, the point at issue between the child and yourself may seem trifling. It may be very early in its life that it is made.

Perhaps scarcely past the baby age, it may insist, when well and healthy, upon being sung to or rocked in the arms to sleep, and that by some one particular person.

Now, you are perfectly sure that this is unnecessary, and that it would be much better for the child, apart from the inconvenience of the practice, to be laid quietly in its bed, with only some trustful person to watch it.

But you reason, it has always been used to this, and I may have it *cry* every night for a week before I can teach it to be quiet. Well—and what then? The child, to be good for anything, must be taught some time or other that it cannot gain its point by crying. Why not now?

Of course it should not be placed in bed till it is sufficiently weary; nor should it be frightened at being left in a dark room alone, or left alone at all, while the trial is being made.

This attended to, if it cry—let it cry. It will be a struggle of two or three nights; perhaps not that; and the moral lesson is learned; after that obedience comes easy.

It is a mistake for you, who are so greedy of a child's love, to suppose that it is more attached to that person who indulges its every whim than to the one who can firmly pronounce the monosyllable no when necessary.

The most brutal word I ever heard spoken was from a grown man to a widowed mother, who belonged to that soul destroying class of parents who could never deny a child anything, and whose whole life had been one slavish endeavor to gratify his every whim without regard to her own preference or inclination; and whenever you see such a man, you may know he had just such a mother; or, having one wiser, that her attempts at government had been neutralized by one of the don't-cry-dear-and-you-shall-have-it fathers.

It is so strange that parents who crave to be so fondly remembered by their children in after years should be thus short-sighted. It is no strange, that when they desire next to this that everybody else should consider their children supremely lovely and winning, that they should take so direct a method to render them perfectly disagreeable.

Strange that they should never reflect that some poor wife, in the future, will rue the day she ever married that selfish, domineering tyrant, now in embryo in that little boy.

Strange that the mother of that blue-eyed little girl never thinks that the latter may curse her own daughter with that same passionate temper which never knew paternal restraint.

Stranger still that parents launching those little voyagers on the wide ocean of time, without chart, rudder, or compass, should, when in after days they suffer total shipwreck, close the doors of their hearts and homes in their shamed and sorrowful faces.

BIRDS THAT KILL SNAKES.—Among the native animals of South Africa none is more highly esteemed than the Secretary bird. This name was given to it by the colonists of the Cape, who thought that the crest of feathers at the back of its head, which it can raise or depress at will, looked like the quill pen carried by a secretary in his ear. The bird, which is a kind of hawk, stands about four feet high on long and powerful shanks. It is a determined foe of snakes, which it slays by repeated blows of its strong wings or strokes of its legs. When a snake shows fight the bird uses its wings as a shield, picking out at once any feather bitten by the serpent. Though usually victorious in these combats, cases are known in which the secretary bird has died from the snake's venom. In Cape Colony it is a punishable offence to kill any of these useful birds.

THE recipient of favors from the ungracious is to be pitied. However substantial the benefit, there is a sad feeling of discomfort and humiliation in its acceptance, for the pleasant gracious manner of giving which so sweetens the gift is lacking. The ungracious often humiliate, although they generally do so unwittingly; and there is hardly any task more repugnant to one's feelings than having to ask a favor of them. Even when pretty certain of its being granted, we know just the grating little sentences by which the granting will be accompanied, and the ungracious air, ruffling our temper and spoiling due gratitude.

TIME'S PROGRESS.—Alas! it is not till time with reckless hand has torn out half the leaves from the book of human life, to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the early pages of that book was written a story of happy influence which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began.

SURNAMES.—A record of A. D. 1441 shows the easy manner in which surnames were changed at so late a date. The elder brother takes the local name of Asheby; his brother is Adam Wilson; and Adam Wilson's son is John Adkynson, i. e. Adamson.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Thomasville, Georgia, boasts of a 23-year-old hog.

Clay county, Florida, has but one licensed saloon.

Dot and Tom are the names of new post offices in Illinois.

The Pope can speak English, German and French perfectly.

The National Cat Club, of England, has just issued its first register of high bred cats.

Massachusetts has free public libraries for all but three per cent. of the population of the State.

The earliest coin for American use was made about 1612, and bore as a design the picture of a hog.

It is estimated that it costs the Government $1000 a day for firing morning and evening salutes.

Arrangements have been completed at Laramie, Wyoming, for a fight between a bulldog and a wildcat.

Ripe bananas put up in cans with condensed milk are said to make a nutritious food for those who like the flavor.

Marsby N. Lyles, a colored woman, of Sylvania, Georgia, who is now over 70 years of age, started to school for the first time a few days ago.

A Russian dentist undertakes to grow new teeth on the ruins of old ones, and they are said to become as firm in the gums as natural teeth.

Out of a population of about 30,000,000 in Prussia, only about one-tenth of them possess, it is said, an income of 900 marks a year, which is equal to about $225.

A recent idiosyncrasy is that of a crank who has published a book of several hundred pages, in which there is neither a period nor a paragraph. The book was published in Chicago.

The longest tunnel in the world will be that now to be commenced through the Simplon. According to the final plans adopted it will be 12.6 miles, or 3.1 miles more than the St. Gothard Tunnel.

The pupils of the Bay City, Michigan, High School have formed a society to which a forfeit of one cent is given every time a member makes an error in the use of the English language.

They have much difficulty in securing a Treasurer for Franklin county, Ark., two men who were elected having failed to qualify. The office pays a salary of $600, but the bond required is $50,000.

A resident of Alexander, North Carolina, who is 96 years of age, is said to have never purchased a pound of meat or flour, or a bushel of grain of any kind. He has always raised all his supplies on his farm.

A number of women of Galicia have submitted a petition to the Emperor of Austria, asking for the right to enter military service. They claim that they are more robust and more courageous than effeminate men.

Japanese woman put up their hair with wooden, ivory or tortoise shell hair-pins, about eight inches in length and fully half an inch in width. The pins are usually carved and are often covered with pivoted figures.

A peddler's license was, a few days ago, refused to a Chinaman by the City Clerk of Tacoma, Wash., because, as he explained, "for a Chinaman to attempt to peddle in Tacoma might result in his being murdered."

Residents at Stanberry, Missouri, recently attempted to raise $10,000 for their normal school, and the enthusiasm was so great that, when the money collected was counted, there was found to be $600 over the required sum.

At an entertainment to be given at Rich Hill, Missouri, prizes are to be offered to the young man who can thread a needle in the shortest time, and to the woman who can drive the straightest nail. The prizes awarded will probably be few and far between.

The "meanest man" in the country has again turned up. This time he lives in Southern Georgia. He recently gave a load of wood to a poor widow, then hired a colored man to steal it and return it to him, and then had the colored man arrested for theft and sentenced to two year's imprisonment.

Mr. L. J. Parker, of Washington, has a head of thirty-two inches in circumference. Years ago, he was offered a yearly sum, by a syndicate of doctors, on condition that they should have his remarkable head for an autopsy after his death. He accepted, has lived comfortably for years, and the purchasers have shuffled off the mortal coil, while Mr. Parker is well and hearty.

Mrs. Julia Linthicum, of New York, was left, at the death of her husband, sixteen years ago, with a 2-year-old daughter, and without money. A lady born and bred, and belonging to an old family, she decided, despite the protests of friends, to open a laundry as a means of self-support. After considerable difficulty she secured the contract to do all the work for the Pullmans, and her laundry has grown until she works for several steamship lines. She has educated her daughter, and is described as a woman of unusual elegance and personal charm.

SHE!

BY W. W. LOSH.

In her perfect womanhood,
  She is pure, and sweet, and true;
Artist of the storied past
  Fairer woman never drew.

Moves she in the worldly ways,
  Free from blight and wrong;
Tenderness about her dwells,
  Love and love's sweet song.

ABOUT PIPES.

It is a curious fact that the use of narcotics should prevail all over the world. Amongst those largely used, tobacco is a prime favorite, and is mostly indulged in through the medium of smoking.

Since the days of Raleigh, pipe manufacturers have greatly improved on the curious smoking apparatus still preserved as a relic of Sir Walter.

The discovery of small pipes in the mortar of one of the ancient abbeys seems to indicate that the practice of smoking some native herb was customary prior to the introduction of tobacco from America.

Some of the first pipes used in Elizabeth's time consisted of walnut shells furnished with stems of strong straw. Pipes of iron, silver, clay, and wood, succeeded—till we come to the meerschaum.

The white earthen porous pipe ranks first, as the best absorber of nicotine, just as the metalic pipe comes last for opposite reasons. The meerschaum immediately follows the clay pipe, but, when fully seasoned, it is no better than a wooden pipe.

A shoemaker in Hungary, who was ingenious in carving, has the honor of having carved the first pipe from a piece of meerschaum which had been presented to him as a curiosity.

Its porous nature struck the shoemaker as being well adapted for absorbing nicotine. That first meerschaum has been preserved in the Museum of Pesth.

The ingenious carver found that the shoemaker's wax which in the course of his trade accidently adhered to the bowl, on being rubbed off, brought out a clear brown polish. He therefore waxed the whole surface, polished the pipe, smoked it, and admired the colored result. Pipes of this description were at first confined to the richest European noblemen until 1830, when they came more generally into use.

For mouthpieces the Turks were the first to adopt amber. As all pipe-fanciers know, the clear amber is the least valuable, and the clouded the greatest favorite, the best of all being that of the opaque yellow color. This material was used by the Turks for mouthpieces in the belief that it would convey no infectious disease.

This belief could hardly have been shared by the American humorist, when he discovered the "taste of generations" on the mouthpiece of the Eastern pipe, which is one of the attendant luxuries of the hot bath.

The pipes of a Turkish dignitary are magnificent according to the rank of his visitors. A pasha possesses a collection of pipes said to be worth thirty thousand pounds sterling, many of them being ornamented with diamonds.

Some Eastern pipes have tassels of diamonds depending from them, besides rings of the same precious stones round the amber mouthpieces. The pipe which the Shah of Persia smokes in public is encrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and emeralds of great value.

The narghile is said to be a favorite with Syrian ladies, who inhale the smoke through a globular glass vessel filled with scented water. In Egypt, too, these kind of pipes are more in fashion than the chiboque.

Splendid pipes with their attendant ceremonies of filling, cleaning, and presenting by special servants, form one of the most ostentatious of oriental extravagances.

The influence of European habits is, we believe, causing the hookah, with all its pomp and display, to disappear in India. The pipes used in Morocco are very fanciful and profusely decorated. The Celestials' pipes have long delicate tubes with tiny bowls.

Opium is smoked from pipes having a sort of bowl in the centre, instead of at the end of the stem. A slender bamboo, with a hole bored near the closed end of a joint, forms a handy smoking arrangement for a Chinaman of the poor classes; but his richer neighbors use a handsome little water-pipe made of brass or silver. The bowl is filled with a little pinch of tobacco which only provides one or two whiffs so, of course, this pipe has to be refilled again and again. This is scarcely the sort of smoke that could be indulged in during work.

In spite of all rivals, clay pipes have held their own. They have been manufactured in great numbers by the Dutch, who were very jealous of rivalry. They once took a curious method to ruin a manufactory of pipes which had been set up in Flanders. As the high duty rendered a large importation too expensive, they loaded a large ship with pipes, and purposely wrecked her near Ostend. The pipes were landed from the wreck, in accordance with the maritime laws at that city, and sold at such low prices as defied competition; consequently, the new manufactory was ruined.

In the country of the Sioux is the pipe stone quarry from which the Indians take their pipe bowls, under the belief that they themselves were made from this red stone, and it must be used for no other purpose.

The Redskin also smokes through his tomahawk handle, and his duskier African brother takes a whiff through pipes of iron.

The rough pipes of the Zulus are often lined with this material. The Kaffir is a great lover of the weed, and will improvise a pipe out of almost anything.

It is curious to mark the repeated attempts there have been to invent a pipe that will keep tobacco juice out of the smoker's mouth. Numerous have been the patents all claiming to have attained this end, but all seem more or less failures. They are too numerous to describe, but are usually rather complicated contrivances that come to pieces; but none succeed in superseding the simple old-fashioned pipe.

Grains of Gold.

Never ridicule the unfortunate.

A bad reputation is a hard thing to lose.

Treasure laid up in heaven draws interest on earth.

The most deadly sins are those that appear to be respectable.

Whenever you pray, ask God to bless somebody you don't like.

Whether we go to heaven or hell will be decided by what we love.

The dangerous thing about a little sin is that it won't stay little.

We easily forget our faults when they are known only to ourselves.

A mind that seeks truth for its own sake is as rare as it is valuable.

Riches never come even by chance to him whose destiny it is to be poor.

Nothing pays a poorer interest on the investment than wearing a long face.

The most unprofitable thing we can undertake to do is to avenge ourselves.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

They that do nothing are in the readiest way to do that which is worse than nothing.

One of the duties every man owes to himself is to live so that he can respect himself.

Some folks are willing to serve the Lord, provided they can pick out their own work.

Those who attempt nothing themselves think everything easily performed, and consider the unsuccessful always as criminal.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; yet, perhaps, he is the only one that deserves to be laughed at.

Femininities.

A "safety oil lamp" has been invented which cannot upset.

Mrs. Sarah Kipple, of Scranton, Pa., who is 90 years old, has smoked a pipe for 79 years.

She: "You can't count on men." He: "Don't want to. What's the matter with your fingers or a slate?"

Lady Castel Stuart, who had claimed to be the last direct descendant of the royal Stuarts, died at Rome recently.

Three daughters of Mrs. Valentine Niederberger, of Pittsburg, recently died within four days of each other.

George Du Maurier, the English "society" artist, asserts that women are growing taller, broader and generally healthier.

Maud: "Is it a correct thing to drink beer with a man the first time you meet him?" Marie: "Not if he will buy wine, dear."

A young woman died at Leigh, England, recently, from the effect of being struck in the eye by a snowball, thrown in fun by a boy.

Jack Makit: "How can we marry? I'm only worth fifteen thousand dollars, and that wouldn't buy your clothes." May Spendit: "Oh, yes, it would, Jack, for nearly five years."

A young schoolmistress in a Western town has been dismissed from her position because she amused her pupils by reading them ghost stories and newspaper accounts of divorce cases.

Queen Victoria is said to be the owner of the largest book in existence. It is a foot and a half thick and weighs 65 pounds, and contains the addresses of congratulations on the occasion of her jubilee.

Annie: "Why did you refuse Mr. Specie? I am sure the presents and flowers he has sent you show him to be in love with you." Belle: "I was afraid he had spent all of his money on me already."

A great many women are employed by the United States Government to make the increased number of flags required by our enlarged navy. To insure the strength of seams all the work is done by hand.

Susan B. Anthony, who did campaign work with Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, in Kansas says that Mrs. Lease is better qualified for the United States Senatorship than any man in the People's party of that State.

The Czar of Russia recently decorated a ballet dancer. He conferred a gold medal upon Mlle. Marie Ogolcit, to be worn with the ribbon of St. Vladimir, for having saved the life of a peasant girl who attempted to drown herself in the river Ordeja.

A prominent New York society lady, when asked what became of all the cut flowers after one of her private entertainments, answered: "What the butler does not send to his sweethearts and the up-stairs girls to their mothers and sisters, are given to the hospitals and day nurseries."

Lady Pauncefote, wife of the British Minister at Washington, finds that city overwhelmingly sociable. On a recent afternoon she had calls from 1800 visitors whom she had never seen nor heard of. She had made an informal announcement that she would be "at home" from 4 to 6 o'clock.

Two girls, scarcely 16 years of age were tried recently at Ostaking, China, charged with cruelty to animals. To gain the affections of their sweethearts they cut out the eyes of two kittens, burned them to powder, and put them in wine which their sweethearts drank. This prescription has been regarded infallible since 1700.

The statue of the Goddess of Liberty in New York harbor is being sculptured in salt at Windsor, England, for exhibition at the Chicago Fair. The statue is 5 feet 6 inches high, and it will stand on a base 7 feet in height. The base is to be ornamented with moldings, panels and inscriptions.

"A feminine collecting maniac," says an English paper, "rejoices in the possession of 1100 teapots of various sizes, designs, and nationality. Another woman has a horde of thimbles that have once been the property of women more or less well known or famous; while still another has her photograph taken in every new gown, bonnet, or hat she has had for the last ten years."

England, it is said, can furnish instances of child marriages, as young as any to be found in Eastern countries. A daughter of Sir William Brereton, in the sixteenth century, was united in the holy bands of matrimony when only two years of age to a bridegroom who was her senior by only one year. In this case the children were carried into church, and their elders spoke for them. Subsequently, when the pair reached the age of maturity, they ratified the tie.

"Do you know what the average weight of a primiere danseuse's wardrobe is?" asked Signor Marchetti, the famous ballet master. "This is it: One pair of silk tights, weighing 4 ounces; five ballet skirts, including tucks, 9 ounces; one pair of slippers, 4 ounces; one bodice, 8 ounces, the entire outfit weighing 35 ounces. That isn't much of a wardrobe as far as weight is concerned, but it can cost a great deal more than some that take up every bit of space in a Saratoga."

Masculinities.

The man who keeps his mouth shut never has to eat any crow.

Ar. M. Toothache is a student at the Kansas State Normal School at Emporia.

A little vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

A Kansas City man has been awarded $975 damages, it is said, for a crushed nose.

A resident of Moultrie, Georgia, claims to have devoured 45 eggs at one sitting recently.

The full name of the Populist Governor of Kansas is Lorraine Demosthenes Lewelling.

Thad. Howell, of Pikeville, North Carolina, claims to own a cat that delights in catching rabbits.

A five-year-old colored boy who lives in Arkansas can, without ever being taught, it is said, read perfectly.

Texas comes forward with a man who has not slept in the past 90 days. He probably manages to get in some sleep at night.

"Say, Phalim, phwat's a ventriloquist?" "He's a lad phwat stands on one side av the room and talks to himself from the other."

Breathing through the nose is the only proper way to sleep. If you awake in the night and find your mouth open, get up and shut it.

According to the census of 1890 the whole number of males in the United States is 32,067,880, and the whole number of females 32,554,290.

Makers of champagne say that in the manufacture of wine the grapes are squeezed six times, each pressure making wine of a different quality.

An Indian girl student at Haskell Institute, Kansas, is named Jenny One Feather. She is a bright, intelligent student and stands at the head of her class.

It is said that a Maryland woman recently entertained three guests, strangers to her and to one another, named Mrs. Sprinkle, Mrs. Shower and Mrs. Storm.

The number of telephones in service in the United States is 512,607, and the total length of line is 512,607 miles, or about 10½ times the circumference of the earth.

An English journal states that most famous men have blue eyes. It cites Bismarck, Gladstone, Napoleon, and every President of the United States except Harrison.

Mrs. M. P. Kimball, who succeeds her husband as president of the Pensboro and Harrisville Railroad Company, is probably the first woman to hold such an office in this country.

Tourist, in Boston: "I'd like a conveyance this afternoon at four o'clock." Liveryman: "Yes, sir. Do you want a vehicle, or a blank legal form for the conveyance of real estate?"

It is remarked that not one of the papers controlled by women in this country said a hard word about Jay Gould. This is believed to arise from his having invented a mouse trap.

The two editors of a Kansas paper were married the other day, and their names now appear at the top of the columns: "Eugene L. and Nora Cook Smith, editors and publishers."

The clumsy man, coming from the ballroom: "How can I ever repay you for that delightful waltz?" She, whose train has suffered: "Oh, don't pay me. Settle with the dressmaker."

It has been computed that, if coupled together, all the locomotives in the United States would make a train 300 miles long. If all the cars of every variety were attached to the locomotives the train would be about 7000 miles in length.

The cat's "whiskers," the long hairs on the side of the cat's face, are organs of touch. They are connected with the nerves of the lip, and their slightest contact with any object is distinctly felt by the animal.

Two Providence, R. I., men have been fighting in the Courts for three years over a spavined horse, the value of which is about $65. The costs have amounted to several thousand dollars, and the end is not yet.

A London woman has encouraged a number of newsboys to save a penny a day. The money is kept for them in a savings bank and the lad who deposits regularly for a month is given a penny "interest" on his savings.

One of the Princess of Wale's favorite winter amusements is sleigh driving. Her Royal Highness has a beautiful Russian sledge, sent to her by her brother-in-law, the Czar, in which she delights to drive about the country round Sandringham on such rare occasions as snow will permit.

Clergyman: "Laziness is the beginning of all trouble, and it is your duty, my good woman, to accustom your children to hard work from an early age." Parishioner: "You are quite right, sir, and so far as my little Johnny is concerned, no one can say that he is lazy, for he's kept busy all day feeching beer for his father."

ALL ABOUT DOCTORS.

There are many kinds of doctors; allopathic—homœopathic—and mongrel. Luckily, every family swears by its own, and believes in nothing beyond his dictum. There is your exclusive doctor who lives in a fine house; rides to his "cases" with a servant in livery; eschews all out-of-the-way localities; and never troubles himself to go out when his head aches, or in bad weather.

His manner of drawing off his gloves is pompous and impressive. Nature, in the corner, sinks down into her slippers utterly awed by it. While he warms his hands silently at the fire, he is impressing all present with an idea of his immense profundity.

This done, he fixes his eyes on the ceiling, and counts his patient's pulse; then comes the tongue examination; after which he relapses into another profound contemplation of the ceiling; during which time every tick of the clock seems solemn as fate.

Then follows the cabalistic writing; a dead letter to everybody but this Grand Mogul and the apothecary. The gloves are then drawn on, and bowing to the thin air, our elegant doctor delivers himself again into the care of his liveried servant.

Then there is your old fashioned doctor; whose patients "will have him," though he has wanted gradually to leave off practice for several years, in favor of new aspirants. The cut of his coat is a matter that doesn't affect his practice.

He smiles blandly, as the other doctor with the liveried servant drives past, while he trudges independently on foot, and mentally shakes his head at "new fashions." He is civil without regard to externals.

A baby is a baby to him, whether it comes into the world with a nice wardrobe ready for its back, or the contrary. He is perfectly willing to tell a man who places his stomach in his hands what he is going to put into it, and what he expects it to do for him.

He is interested philanthropically, as well as scientifically, in the most minute symptom of the most ordinary patient, who is encouraged by the sympathetic magnetism of his voice and eye to "tell him just how he feels."

He scribbles no unnecessary prescriptions for his own benefit, or the apothecary's; and speaks so cheerfully when he leaves, that the sick man half doubts, after all, whether anything is the matter with him.

Then there is your young, new-fledged doctor, who gives physic as a little boy lets off a cracker, rather uncertain whether it will blow him, or his neighbor, or both, sky-high.

Then there is your ladies' doctor, "the handsome man," who lifts his eyes with well acted astonishment that these dear beings can endure a pain, or an ache, and still live; who says just what they want him to say in the way of prescribing "sea air" and savory messes; and coaxes all their little troubles over their lips till they are more astonished at themselves than the doctor is at them.

Then there is your blunt pop-gun doctor, who has no time nor inclination for nonsense, but jerks out his opinion at once, and they who don't like need not consult him again; who feels your pulse, and pronounces you a prospective dead man or woman, as coolly as if the intelligence concerned you no more than himself.

Then there is the eccentric doctor, who advertises himself by some peculiarity of costume, and is never better pleased than when everybody is saying "Who can that be?"

Finally, and lastly, it is all very nice to laugh at doctors when one is sound and well; but let a good, smart pain come, and none so ready as those who do so, to send a telegraphic summons for their speedy appearance. With this substantial proof of their power, let them snap their fingers at criticism, and be jolly.

One of the best ruses employed by Tennyson to escape visitors is that published recently. People used to wait for him for hours whose pertinacity irritated him. He soon came to understand that most of them were satisfied with merely looking at him as he walked in the garden, and he used this means to satisfy them. He became wiser still, however, a little later on, and employed a servant to do the walking. The latter was togged out in clothes similar to those worn by the poet, and was instructed to assume an expression as dreamy and intellectual as he could.

Bronchitis yields at once to the healing influence of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

A GRAMMATICAL DUELLIST.

Two English gentlemen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the utmost stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object.

Soon after the Englishman entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth, and spoke.

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives; we arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger, and asked, "Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks; we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this?" said the Englishman. "Do you mean to insult me?"

The stranger replied, "I insult, thou insultest; we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman; "I will have satisfaction. If you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes; we come, you come, they come."

And thereupon he rose, with great coolness, and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore his sword like a man, open and free, and not like cowardly, skulking fellows of this age, who have assassin-knives and hidden revolvers within their shirt bosoms and vest pockets, duels were speedily despatched. They went to a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheating his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, "we fight,"—here he made a thrust—"you fight, they fight,"—and here he disarmed his adversary.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword, "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied; we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad every one is satisfied," said the Englishman; "but pray leave off this quizzing, and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so."

The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible.

"I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do; I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you this before."

The Englishman laughed heartily at this explanation, and invited the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them.

"I will dine," said he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine; you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together."

This they did, and it was difficult to determine whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

A prominent jeweler says that he sells many daggers to women. These are not ornaments, but serious weapons. They are just large enough to slip easily inside a woman's gown. Some women have these made to order, when they are lavishly adorned and incrusted with precious stones. They are frequently carried in traveling, when they are intended as weapons of defence. They are preferred to revolvers, which are likely to go off summarily and in the wrong direction.

An official of a railroad, recently returned from Europe, referring to railway practice in Germany, says: "The roadbeds are about perfect, while the stations are simply magnificent, even in the most insignificant places being very fine. The roadbeds are quite rigid, but this is mainly due to the iron and steel cross ties that are used. The locomotives are fine pieces of mechanism, but their capacity is scarcely equal to those on this side of the Atlantic. Their entire passenger equipment is away behind that in use here. Their trains, however, run like clock work, and the connections are perfect."

No use to deny the fact that Salvation Oil is fast taking the place of all other liniments.

WHY MEN REMAIN BACHELORS.

It is said there are 3,000,000 young men in the United States of marriageable age who obstinately refuse to provide themselves with wives.

In trying to account for this condition of affairs the New York Advertiser says that it is probably true that our extravagant style of living, as compared with that of former times, is one of the effective influences.

The cost of supporting a wife and raising a family is much larger than it used to be, and this feature of the matter often gives pause on both sides.

We have come to measure so many other things by money that matrimony has not escaped the rule.

The young people are disinclined to start in an humble way and gradually improve their situation.

They want all that their parents have without waiting and striving for it. Many proposals are unquestionably delayed or rejected on this account.

Then it is well known that the new avenues of employment open to women have made them more independent and probably also more exacting as to the qualifications of husbands.

It is not nearly so common as it once was for girls to marry simply in order to secure a home and a living; they are able now to earn good wages and to take their time about assuming the duties of wives and mothers.

We may safely believe, moreover, that the progress of women in education and in social power has led them to look less favorably upon the connubial condition of subordinating their hearts to their heads, so to speak.

Queer Conveyances.—Some birds are known to fly long distances, carrying their young on their backs. Small birds take passage across the Mediterranean Sea on the backs of larger and stronger ones.

They could not fly so far. Their strength would give out and they would drop in the water.

Along the northern shore of the sea, in autumn, the little birds assemble to wait the coming of cranes from the North, as people wait for the train at a railway-station. With the the first cold blast the cranes arrive flock after flock.

They fly low over the cultivated fields. They utter a peculiar cry as of warning or calling.

It answers the same purpose as the ringing of the bell when the train is about to start. The small birds understand it; they get excited.

They hasten abroad, scrambling for places. The first to come get the best seats.

If the passengers are too many some will have to flit back again to the hedges until the next train. How they chatter their good-byes, those who go and those who stay. They have no tickets, but all the same they are conveyed safely.

Doubtless the great birds like this warm covering for their backs. In this way the small birds pay their fare. And it is these last who must be out in the wet if it storms.

The little passengers are of different species, like Americans, Irish, Germans, and Chinese traveling together in cars or steamships.

Their journey takes them through the air, high above the waters. They are close companions on the way.

By-and-by they reach the beautiful South country. There they build nests and sing as they build here and sing for us in our happy summer-time. Surely it is plain that God cares for the sparrows.

An exhibition of mementoes of the English stage, from the time of Shakespeare down to the present time, has lately been attracting much attention in London. Among the relics is a Bible said to have belonged to David Garrick with an autograph note on the fly-leaf. There are also mementoes of Mrs. Siddons, Macready, John Kemble, Peg Woffington, Mario and others, a chair said to have been Shakespeare's and a portrait of the great playwright from the Earl of Warwick's private gallery. The latter is represented to be the work of a contemporary painter, but as no proof of the statement is offered it is not given much weight by antiquarians and critics who have examined it.

"From your point of view," said the one-armed ex-Union soldier, "I was an invador of your country 30 years ago; but you don't harbor any resentment on that account now, I dare say?" "Lord, no!" answered the ex-Confederate veteran, straightening himself up with as much dignity as age and rheumatism would permit; "I was something of an invador myself. I left this arm at Gettysburg." And they shook left hands.

Hawkins—"I won't let a church sexton have charge of our wedding." Miss Bliss—"Why?" Hawkins—"When Tompkins married Miss Bronson the notice of the wedding began: 'Suddenly on the 10th inst.'"

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

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Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand, to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

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Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing, Influenza.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

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From 20 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few moments, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal Pains.

MALARIA

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

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An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contributes its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 Cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

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Recent Book Issues.

"How Nature Cures," is a useful household medical volume, comprising a new system of hygiene, and treating of what its author regards as the natural food of man. In it will be found a statement of the principal arguments against the use of bread, cereals, pulses, potatoes, and similar starch foods, together with much other valuable and interesting matter. Emmet Densmore, M. D., is the writer, and it is published in large, finely printed form by Stillman and Co., 1393 Broadway, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Century" for February is as full of fresh and delightful reading, miscellaneous, story and poetry, as it is of beautiful and high art pictures. This publication is abreast of the times in all respects. Published at New York.

"St. Nicholas" for February is a treat for children, and even older readers, that offers what is best in all kinds of the best reading, and the most artistically beautiful pictures. Published at New York.

"The Eclectic Magazine" for February contains valuable selections from the leading writers and leading magazines of the English-reading world on current topics of interest. Published at New York.

AN UNFAILING INDEX.—Students of character can learn much from the way in which a man carries his hands. See the youth with swinging arms and palms that are displayed to all who take the trouble to look. He is one of that class whose heart is as open as his hands. He is frank, unsuspicious, a free spender, and a believer in the honesty of his fellows.

Notice the business man, more advanced in years. His hands are always closed so tightly that one would suppose he is ever expecting an attack. This is the attitude of men bent upon a certain object. It is an attitude which displays the qualities of determination and fight.

In debate you will observe some of our lawmakers emphasize a statement by hammering the desk before them with their knuckles; whilst others, apparently equally impassioned, are satisfied with the use of the palm. You may rest assured that if sheer determined will succeed the man who applies his knuckles will win before his colleague who uses his palm.

The way in which the thumb is held is also a true sign of character. The man who turns it in under his fingers is always weak. That is the position in which it is invariably held by a child. The thumbs of great men are large and point out conspicuously from their fellow members. Both Wellington and Napoleon, not to go any further, had this distinctive peculiarity.

WEDDING GIFTS IN CARE OF THE GROOM.—"At a fashionable silversmith's the other day," says a woman in a New York paper, "while hesitating between a bonbon spoon and a pair of forks, my attention was attracted to a man at my elbow, who, finishing a purchase, gave the name of the same bride-elect as the one for whom I was choosing a wedding gift. He was evidently a friend of the groom, for he directed his spoon to the bride, care of the groom, and gave the latter's house address.

"This, it appears, is a new wrinkle of fashion frequently carried out nowadays. The innovation struck me as having a foundation in reason. Undoubtedly many unacknowledged wedding gifts are such, from the fact that the bride receives no impression from the strange names accompanying them; if the card becomes separated from the gift, as easily and often happens, there is no recognizable record left of the donor.

"As this latter cannot inquire why the present remains unnoticed, there is no chance of the matter being explained. It has been my misfortune in two cases to send gifts to strange brides from which I have never heard. Had I sent them to her in the care of the groom he, at least, would have known of the intended honor to his wedding day."

A New York clergyman told his congregation the other Sunday that all those who put $5 in the contribution box would get $50 back in their business within a year, and that if they failed to realize that promise they could draw on him personally for that amount. The box was soon filled with crisp $5 notes, and if the contributors realize the ten-fold return it is probably safe to say that this church will not be large enough to hold the congregation next year.

Garfield's Physician

Dr. D. Hayes Agnew

Was a great physician, and before he died he wrote an inquiring friend as follows: "I have been in the habit of sending patients for many years to Bedford Springs and also prescribing the water to patients in the city. I can most CONSCIENTIOUSLY CERTIFY to the value of the water medicinally. I regard Bedford Springs Water as one of the most valuable waters in this country for all functional diseases of the liver and digestive organs. It is aperient, alterative and diuretic." Thousands of others have said the same. All druggists sell it or should. ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

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With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENT. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know as much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

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Humorous.

EVER SO.

When fiercely beat the solar rays,
  And moisture flows from all pores,
We wish we had the winter days,
  When chilling winds howled round our doors.

Then come the winter's days austere,
  And snow-drifts round our dwellings lie,
And frosts severe nip nose and ear,
  And then we wish it were July.

Thus man through his existence frets;
  Dame Nature ever is his debtor;
The thing he wants he never gets,
  There's something else would suit him better.

—C. R. SONE.

Why the Baby Cried.

Little girl: "Ma told me to tell you that the milk you sell makes the baby sick."

Grocer: "Tell your mother if the baby does not thrive on fresh milk to boil it."

Little girl: "How long is the baby to be boiled?"

Professor, examining class in physics: "The pressure of bodies at rest is called Force. Give an example, Jones." Jones, an observant scholar: "The Police Force."

"Does your husband pet you?" asked Mrs. McCorkle of Mrs. McCrackle. "Oh, yes," was the reply; "when he's drunk." "How nice it must be to be petted all the time!"

"Yes," said a lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

"These are hard times," sighed the young collector of bills. "Every place I went to-day I was requested to call again but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl."

Patient: "You haven't sent in any bill yet, doctor? Are you not afraid to let it run so long?" Doctor, cheerfully: "No, I'm not afraid. I'm sure to get it out of the estate, you know."

Van Tree: "My ancestors built the first brick house in the State of Maine." Van Free: "I would not tell people that if I were you." Van Tree: "Why not?" Van Free: "They'll say your ancestors carried the hod."

"Don't you get tired of answering fool questions?" inquired the lounger at the railway station. "Awfully!" replied the ticket seller, with a dreary yawn. "I've answered that one more than fifty times this morning."

Maria: "Look a here, Amos, jist the same old story. Women don't git their rights no where." Amos: "What is it, Maria?" Maria: "Why, here in this here railroad wreck, I see there wasn't nothin' saved but the mail car."

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with eighty thousand head of cattle. "Papa dear," exclaimed his daughter when she heard of it, "that was so kind of you to make such a gift; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup!"

Mr. Newcombe, kissing his hostess: "There's one for Mamma, and one for baby Sister." Miss Una Ware, with apparent indigestion: "Why, Mr. Newcombe, you forget yourself!" Mr. Newcombe, delightedly: "So I did. Well! here's one for myself."

"I got my start in life through picking up a pin on the street. I had been refused employment by a banker, and on my way out I saw a pin and——" "Oh, thunder! What a chestnut! I've heard of that boy so often. The banker was impressed by your carefulness, and called you back and made you head of the firm." "No. I saw the pin and picked it up, and sold it for $500. It was a diamond pin."

"We have a passion for oratory," said Artemus Ward, "political oratory chiefly. Our political orators never lose a chance to 'express their views.' They will do it. You cannot stop them. There was an execution in Ohio one day, and the sheriff, before placing the rope round the murderer's neck, asked him if he had any remarks to make. 'If he hasn't,' said a well-known local orator, pushing his way rapidly through the dense crowd to the gallows, 'if our ill-starred fellow citizen don't feel inclined to make a speech, and is in no hurry, I should like to avail myself of the present occasion to make some remarks on the necessity of a new protective tariff.'"

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Is it any wonder that a woman in a pretty bonnet wears a smiling face? Do not men ever feel any satisfaction in a shiny new hat? Are men so callous to all finer sentiments that a new hat is simply a head covering and nothing more? Well, I don't believe it, or, if I do, I am sorry for them. I can affirm, and all my sex feel the same way, I know, that there is a lot of satisfaction in the knowledge that you have a bonnet in which no one can pick flaws, or a hat that is new, fresh and becoming, and, more than that, some profound thinker declares that there is a great amount of moral courage in good clothes.

Look at the smiling face in the picture. Why, she dimples with joy and bubbles over with happiness. Is it not good to look at her? It is. Her bonnet is of rich blue bengaline, with a fringed out border of silk in the same shade and strings of velvet a little darker. On the back of the crown is a bunch of velvet primroses, and a splendid osprey plume stands upward. The crown and drapery are made of one single square of bengaline bordered with the fringed out silk, and it is twisted, pinned and turned until it takes the shape you see.

The lovely girl below does not look quite so radiant. Still there is a look of peace and gentle repose that betokens a heart at rest, and when you look at that hat you feel that it ought to be, for it is beautiful. It is made of natural colored hempen string crocheted and then pressed out in some sort of stiffening that makes it hold its shape, so it is open-work and handsomer than I can tell. There are rich black velvet bows and three very perfect black ostrich tips, (natural) that are not curled only as nature curls them. A small rhinestone buckle gives a touch of brightness.

The third happy lady has a close bonnet of ruby velvet, covered with white lace, which is dotted with jet beads and has pendants of the same at each scallop. In front is a little bow made of lace and three black hen's feathers, with a small, black osprey aigret. The strings are of ruby satin faced velvet. This is a pretty theater or church bonnet, and, in fact, so is the upper one, but the big hat—well, that were better left at home or worn in the lady's lap.

SPRING MILLINERY.

A couple of days ago I was at a big "tea." The prettiest dress there was the simplest. The skirt was of "peach blow" silk of fine quality. The waist was the same, and over that was a blouse of oriental lace tied around the waist with grosgrain ribbon of the same shade. The sleeves only came to the elbow and were puffed over the silk. There was a Russian jacket of black velvet edged with gold embroidery. Of course this was transferable. The whole gown was much admired.

A visitor, in the sere and yellow leaf, wore a neat and very taking gown of the flecked cashmere in dove color, which is much liked this season. The dress was en princesse, lapping to the left on the corsage and the revers faced with green faille. The skirt was open on the left side, with a kilt plaited panel of the green faille. There was a sash of dove ribbon around the waist and tied to hang over the panel. I know one person who is going to have a dress just like it, and that is myself, only mine will be gray, because I have the stuff in gray and can't afford to buy another.

I notice very many princess dresses made for spring and summer, both in rich and simple material. I notice, too, that the exaggerated balloon sleeves have had pins stuck into them, so that they are diminishing rapidly in size. I also notice that there is a sensible majority whose taste is correct as to coats and wraps, and the nightgown horror is rarely seen, while snug and neat fitting jackets, ulsters and newmarkets are the favorites, with handsome wraps for evening and ceremony.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

When one doesn't own a pet canary bird, and, consequently, doesn't have a gilt cage swinging among the soft draperies which screen her boudoir window, then, she may be pleased to hear of a new way to make a hanging flower basket. The worn-out summer hat comes into play; in fact, turned upside down, with some ribbons attached, it forms the basket. The high crown, which was its pride during the summer days, is first lined with tin foil, and then filled with wet earth and moss. In this such small plants as forget-me-nots, pansies and mignonettes are put. As a substitute for the flowers ferns or ivy looks pretty. The hat which is used is most adaptable if made of coarse straw.

Here is something about cooking steaks. Of course, there is only one way, this is broiling; but these are additional points. Never wash a steak if it can be avoided. This advice does not meet with the approbation of some cooks, but these neat bodies are very careful if the meat is given a drenching to wipe it perfectly dry before cooking. Before you place your steak on the broiler see that your fire is a glowing bed of coals, and have close at hand butter, pepper, salt and a hot platter. Now place the cut on the broiler and drop it upon the coals for two minutes, when it must be turned. In this way you secure the juices, and it is then ready to receive a more moderate treatment. Watch it constantly, and turn so dexterously that it will not smoke or scorch. Ten minutes is all that is needed for a rare broil. Take a keen blade and cut into the thickest part. If the heart has lost its purple tingle transfer at once to the dish. Sprinkle liberally with bits of butter, salt and pepper. Unless you have a hot water dish do not send the steak into the table until all the family are seated. Tough steak may be made eatable by laying it on a board, and making slight incisions in the meat, when, if it is rubbed with the strained juice of a lemon and placed on ice over night, it will be ready for breakfast.

Something about the care of lamps: If a lamp is properly brushed out with a stiff little brush, which may be kept for the purpose, there is no need of washing the burner. All that is necessary is to wipe the burner out in every part with a soft flannel or cotton cloth, which should also be kept for the purpose. This keeps the burner bright and free from surplus oil and dust. The best way of treating a wick is to brush off the charred part and thus allow it to trim itself. If the scissors are used it is apt to be uneven until the flame has burnt it even. A few drops of alcohol will do more to remove the dust and smoke from the inside of a lamp chimney and leave it crystal bright than a quart of water. When dust is difficult to remove apply a little alcohol on a cloth. The metal part of a lamp is best kept bright by rubbing it firmly and polishing it with a little kerosene on a soft cloth. Do not use sticky old cloths for cleaning lamps, but wash out your lamp cloths and lamp brush frequently, and see that they are clean when used.

Instead of the bell which requires only a touch the fashionable bell must be lifted by its handle and tinkled in good old-fashioned style. A very pretty bell, with twisted handle, growing larger towards the end and finishing with a large, heavily-chased base, is the most popular.

The nails should be brushed at least twice a day and the skin around the lower part rubbed by a soft towel. If the sides of the nails become stained wash them well with soap, and after rinsing, brush them with lemon juice.

For whitening and softening the skin a harmless lotion may be prepared from two grains of cascarilla powder, two grains muriate of ammonia and eight ounces emulsion of almonds.

Butter knives have grown very slender.

Glove Cases.—Linen glove cases, which are simply a fold of linen long enough for the long gloves, are buttonholed all around and have "Gloves" embroidered on the outside fold, with small flower sprays in scattering design at each side. They inclose a loose lining of silver paper and a small envelope sachet.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal Used Exclusively, Insuring Cleanliness and Comfort.

In Effect January 29, 1893.

DEPOT, NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
Easton Flyer—3.55 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m, (26th and Chestnut sts., 6 30 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.25 p m daily.
Western Night Express—9.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11 30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.30 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.00 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.00, 3.55, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m, Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 6.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.30 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catawissa Branch.
9.10 a m for Reading and way points.
11.22 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.
4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.
11.30 p m daily. Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—8.05 a m Express, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.
3.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Ryers, Barto and Allentown.
11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE,
Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Streets.

4.55, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 8.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.33, 6.20, 8.18 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green Streets.

7.30 (Flyer or two-hour fast line), 8.30, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.20, 3.55, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.15, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8.00 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

DEPOT MARKET AND TWELFTH STS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.
7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.
10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.
12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.
1.40 p m for Reading Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Coldbrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.
4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.
5.20 for Reading and Pottsville.
6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.
SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.
9.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.
8.45 a m for Reading and Downingtown.
5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.
7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.10 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 5.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.30 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30 8.30, 11.30 a m, 3.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 4.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Gibbsboro, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.00 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 60 South Third street, and 1840 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

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